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TIME

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

COVER STORY

16 NATION:**Qualms over Quayle**

After Bush's heart scare, a look at five leaders who could replace the shaky Veep

ALSO: How a cold-war mole hunter paralyzed the CIA

28 WORLD:**Back to the Bad Old Days**

Saddam ends his seclusion, and terror is again in style in Iraq

42 BUSINESS:**Big Blue's Blahs**

Under siege at every rampart, IBM looks a bit less invincible

**16 / WILL BUSH'S NO. 2 WALK THE PLANK IN '92?**

EDUCATION Were all those school computers a waste of money? 48

MEDICINE Who discovered the AIDS virus? An answer at last 50

ENVIRONMENT Dirty doings on the Mexican border 51

RELIGION A Bible for Bart Simpson fans 51

DESIGN Can suburbs be livable? Yes, if they're like small towns 52

PROFILE Madonna on the couch; why she acts like that 56

BOOKS In the storytelling trenches with Mark Helprin 60

IDEAS A Louisiana oilman puts college tuition where his mouth is 62

CINEMA How to handicap this summer's hot movies 63

VIDEO Life is a little too loopy in Cicely, Alaska 64

ESSAY Barbara Ehrenreich worries about shady scientists 66

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS 7 **GRAPEVINE** 15

CRITICS' VOICES 12 **MILESTONES** 64

COVER Computer-altered State of the Union photograph for TIME by Diana Walker. Inset heads (clockwise from lower left): Carroll Campbell by Diana Walker; Dick Cheney by Jacques Witt—Sipa Press; Nancy Kassebaum by Ann States—SABA; Pete Wilson by Ed Andersen; Colin Powell by Robert Trippett—Sipa Press

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**32 / A VILLAGE'S TRAGEDY****52 / VISIONARY COMMUNITIES**

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FRANCIS & TAYLOR

FROM THE PUBLISHER

As a reporter covering the gulf war in January, Lara Marlowe saw jet fighters launched from an allied air base. In Iraq last week, she saw the sites they bombed. "I visited the landers; for example, a water purification plant and a medical dispensary," she says. With Iraqi censorship lifted early this month, Marlowe was free to travel throughout the country. She found striking scenes: women in black robes carrying groceries through miles of rubble, a rusting merchant navy docked next to palm groves. Some of her experiences bordered on the surreal. In the southeastern city of Kut, the provincial governor handed her a white album filled with photographs of allied bomb damage. "The album's cover was embossed with letters that said, in English, MEMORY OF WEDDING."

Lara has seen the gulf war from all sides now. In February she entered Kuwait City with Saudi troops. "It was impossible to compare the destruction in Iraq with that in Kuwait—and not conclude that Iraq fared much better," says Marlowe. The gulf war is not the first conflict that Marlowe has covered for TIME. Since 1989 she has lived in Beirut, where she reported the last throes of the Lebanese civil war. Born in Whittier, Calif., and educated at UCLA, the Sorbonne and Oxford, Lara previously worked in the Middle East for American and European newspapers and as an associate producer in Paris for CBS's *60 Minutes*.

One of the sad facts in Iraq, says Lara, is that even without censorship, most citizens remain fearful of speaking to reporters. "Many Iraqis refused to talk to me because I had no government 'minder' with me," she says. Officials were equally reticent, frequently glancing at omnipresent portraits of Saddam Hussein as



Reporter Lara Marlowe takes a break by a Baghdad fountain during her six-day Iraqi visit

"It was impossible to compare the destruction in Iraq with that in Kuwait—and not conclude that Iraq fared much better."

if seeking approval of their statements. Still, there were flashes of honesty. At a hospital in Basra, Marlowe asked a mother with a dying infant what had happened in the city. "She can't answer a question like that with all these people around," said the government interpreter. "Look at the pain in her eyes and you will see the answer." Says Marlowe: "I realized that only one man had the right to speak his mind in Iraq—Saddam Hussein."

Robert L. Miller

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LETTERS

NUCLEAR POWER

"Americans agree that it is time to wake up, but not on what to do once we have."

Daniel E. Johnson
Vicksburg, Miss.



We knew that as soon as the gulf war was over, there would be a push for nuclear power [BUSINESS, April 29]. But the American public does not want to live with the nuclear threat. We would prefer imposed conservation coupled with less dangerous energy options. We are neither stupid nor naive; we resent government and corporate interests that try to thrust this monstrosity on us again.

Rebeccaucci
Cherry Hill, N.J.

The greatest danger is that scare-mongers—some well meaning, some not—may deny society the benefits of clean, abundant nuclear energy.

Raymond C. Freeman
Santa Barbara, Calif.

There is a strange silence about hydro-gen as a source of endless clean energy.

Jacques de Glymes
Oakland

Abundant, cheap, clean, renewable energy surrounds us. Solar, wind and thermal energy are expensive only if you ignore the environmental, health and safety costs of

fossil and nuclear fuels. Not enough effort or time has been invested in making these alternatives cheap and available.

Lisa Aug
Niagara Falls

TIME failed to mention fuel cells, electrochemical devices that convert the energy from fuels directly to electricity.

Martin Gutstein, Executive Director
Fuel Cell Association
Washington

You didn't mention biomass conversion, a process that transforms plant material into heat, electricity or fuel for cars.

John D. Baltic
Topanga, Calif.

There are no easy solutions to our energy needs. We have to use all our resources—existing plants, additional plants, small power producers, hydropower and conservation. And yes, we must revive nuclear power. We can't stop looking ahead, or we'll always be adjusting our energy policy in reaction to crises.

Elihu Bergman, Executive Director
Americans for Energy Independence
Washington

Efficiency can save four times as much electricity as nuclear plants make, at 15% of their operating cost and less than 5% of their total cost. Nuclear power, rejected in market economies, hangs on only under central planning. Five national laboratories found that renewable sources of energy such as water, wind and sun could by the year 2030 cost-effectively supply 72% to 125% of the electricity that America uses today. And the nation's largest investor-owned utility, Pacific Gas & Electric, plans to meet at least 75% of its 1990s resource needs through efficiency and the rest from renewables. But who'd guess any of this from your misleading article?

Amory B. Lovins, Director of Research
Rocky Mountain Institute
Snowmass, Colo.

You greatly understate the volume of high-level nuclear waste. This includes not only the thousands of tons of spent fuel rods mentioned but also the nuclear reactors themselves once they have reached the end of their working lives. After a reactor is decommissioned, it must be dismantled and carried off to a waste repository. How do you go about dismantling a 1,000-MW nuclear reactor that's lethally radioactive? Who knows?

Daniel J. Jourdan
Alexandria, Va.

The Kennedy Problem

You were far too charitable about Ted Kennedy [NATION, April 29]. How many others could have pursued a Senate career

after being involved in the tragedy at Chappaquiddick? The country is full of people like me who have never been fans of the Kennedys. I don't know what to make of the voters of Massachusetts. We Hoosiers would never send Teddy back to Washington term after term.

Jane Newcomb
Indianapolis

I was disappointed to see William Kennedy Smith referred to as "an unlikely candidate for the rapist's role." Exactly who is a "likely" rapist?

Hilary Ruston, Co-Coordinator
Rape Crisis Center of Northeast Georgia
Athens, Ga.

My life-style, family values and politics are different from the Kennedys', but I sympathize with them over the continuous news coverage they get. If a Kennedy goes swimming in the ocean, it's news. If a Kennedy drinks at a neighborhood bar, it's news. If a Kennedy brushes his teeth, it's news. I think it is time for the media to say, "We don't need to kick the Kennedys around anymore!"

Phyllis Davis Hemphill
Long Beach, Calif.

The sincere and knowledgeable profile of Ted Kennedy helped me understand him for the first time. After Chappaquiddick, I seldom read anything complimentary about him and couldn't understand why he kept on being re-elected to the Senate. I had no idea that he was such an eminent legislator or that he was responsible for promoting so much legislation that works to help the poor and disadvantaged in our country.

Dorothy Lundberg
Washington

Lance Morrow writes like a love-sick girlfriend desperately trying to justify the error of Ted's ways.

Linda S. Esham
Ocean City, Md.

Some suggest that Kennedy is to blame for leading his nephew astray. Ted is not responsible for the behavior of other Kennedy family members. His children, nieces and nephews are old enough to know right from wrong, and if William Kennedy Smith is guilty, he is responsible, not Uncle Teddy. The people of Massachusetts continue to vote for Ted Kennedy because he is a very good Senator. His personal life-style is not important.

Peggy Beach
Winston-Salem, N.C.

I have always liked the following view on alcohol: if it causes a problem, then it is a problem.

Penny Esterly
Sinking Spring, Pa.

Naming Rape Victims

Public disclosure of the victim's identity in a rape or sex crime should be the prerogative of the victim. After all, it is the victim—not the lawyers, police, media, feminists, society or other parties—who will have to live with the decision and its aftereffects for the rest of her life [NATION, April 29]. For some women, this disclosure can be a catharsis, a step toward healing; however, for even more women, it is their worst nightmare revisited and may cause them to remain silent, never revealing an assault. Until society is able to treat a victim of rape the same way it treats a victim of robbery or any other crime, the victim must be protected from the constantly scrutinizing, scandal-loving, prying and quick-to-judge public.

Maura Lynch
Alston, Mass.

Justice would be best served if the names and photographs of both the alleged rape victim and the accused rapist were reported by the local news media. It is possible that more details would become available. Other women might come forward with charges against the accused, or information might be uncovered that revealed the alleged victim to be a person of questionable veracity. To withhold the

name of the victim but not the name of the rapist presumes the accused is guilty and the accuser is truthful.

Kenneth C. Beaudrie
Denver

The *Sunday Mirror* was not the first British newspaper to publish the name of the rape victim. On April 3 the *Daily Express* reported the victim's first name. On April 5 the *Sun* published her full name. Our story was published on April 7, when her full name was in the public domain.

Eve Pollard, Editor
Sunday Mirror
London

Books to Sleep By

In this time of support groups for everything imaginable, it was refreshing to read "The Best Refuge for Insomniacs," Lance Morrow's advice on turning to literature and poetry for self-help [ESSAY, April 29]. Having taught English for 20 years, I feel as though I am meeting old friends when beginning *Great Expectations* for perhaps the 85th time or rereading the poetry of Wordsworth and, most especially, the works of Thomas Hardy, a man who understood me.

Lenore Nixon
Bay City, Mich.

Morrow put into words the feelings many of us experience each time we sit down with a book to pacify our souls. There is a simple elegance that comes from reading to "absorb a little grace."

Teresa S. Whitehead
Pittsburgh

As an African American who was barred from the public library as a teenager, I have always been fascinated by books. Some classics—*Invisible Man* by Ralph Ellison and *The Souls of Black Folk* by W.E.B. Du Bois—provided a blueprint for my 38-year career in a very hazardous occupational arena, the police department. Without the insights and enlightenment gleaned from books, I would have found it difficult to survive.

Mackie C. Johnson
Detroit

Big Ones in Belize

Never have I laughed so much at a TIME article as at Robert Hughes' description of tarpon fishing in Belize [TRAVEL, April 22]. I have yet to try it, as I fear it would spoil me for my beloved Rocky Mountain trout. I will, however, give in to the temptation some day, and I hope my experience is akin to that of Hughes. One thing he failed to make clear was whether

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LETTERS

he released the 25-lb. tarpon he hooked and boated. The thrill of the sport is even greater when you allow the fish to return to its element and give it a chance to fight another day.

Jim Arner

Rock Springs, Wyo.

Hughes' fish is indeed back in the sea, ready to challenge another angler.

I wish to thank Hughes for his splendid article. It brought back great memories of fishing expeditions. I enjoyed as a young boy growing up in Belize. Let's hope those discovering "blissfulness" will treat it kindly and be respectful of nature.

Albert O. Bradley

Reddale, Ont.

As a Belizean, I resent the characterization of Belize City as full of "intrusive hustlers." The people of Belize are no more hustlers than New Yorkers are members of the Mafia.

Holman Arthurs

New York City

Deciphering Farm Law

Your item "A Bumper Crop of Loopholes" [GRAPEVINE, April 8] described our publication *A Lawyer's Guide to Payment Limitations* as one that helps farmers and

their advisers bone up on ways "to skirt the law that limited agricultural subsidies." Rather, it is designed by its authors to familiarize attorneys with the complex law of federal farm-program payment limitations so that they can ensure that their farm clients will comply with the law. We stand behind the guide's integrity as an objective examination of complicated legal rules, and are heartened by the critical acclaim it has received.

John D. Copeland, Director

National Center for Agricultural Law

Research and Information

University of Arkansas

Fayetteville, Ark.

Kitty Kelley Does It Her Way

Your suggestion that I am publishing the unauthorized biography of Kitty Kelley because I am still chafing over her defection is wrong [BOOKS, April 22]. When she was offered a \$150,000 advance against the option I had on her next book for \$3,000, she asked if I would do the biography of Elizabeth Taylor. I declined. Money isn't everything, and the fact that everyone on my staff of 45 was delighted to see the last of Kelley made my rejection of her all the more worthwhile. There are those in the industry who feel that when I published her book on Jackie Onassis, I spawned a mon-

ster, but Kelley's one that other houses must deal with. I have no regrets over publishing Kelley's work or about sending her out into the world to make her own way—which she seems to have done beautifully.

Lyle Stuart

Barricade Books Inc.

Fort Lee, N.J.

No Hospital Exposures

The Note on the No Moon hospital gown, which has an overlapping, Velcro-secured flap [BUSINESS, April 22], reminds me of my favorite get-well card: "May your hospital stay be like your hospital gown—short and with the end in sight!"

Martin Bogetz, M.D.

Kentfield, Calif.

Part of a Pattern

History is the missing component in the story of "political correctness" on campus now being told [IDEAS, April 1]. No one seems to remember that 35 years ago American literature was attacked for the same reasons that women's studies, black studies, ethnic studies and gay studies are criticized today: the subject hadn't stood the test of time; it was a political rather than an aesthetic category; it was too close to popular literature. A hundred years ago,

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LETTERS

it was English literature that was scorned by those for whom the standards meant limiting study to the Greek and Roman classics. No matter how far back one looks, the pattern is the same. Yesterday's rebels become today's preservers of orthodoxy and spend time beating back the challenge they once represented. It was ever thus.

*Stanley Fish, Chairman
English Department, Duke University
Durham, N.C.*

My Left Hand

Perhaps one reason lefthanded people don't live as long as those who are righthanded is that they are testy. In response to our story "The Perils of Being a Lefty" (LIVING, April 15), we heard from more than 80 readers, many of whom quarreled with the writer of the piece, Jesse Birnbaum, for "making us look like blundering, dyslexic idiots." Elina Subero of Houston wrote that she couldn't decide "which is more irritating, the article's flippant tone or the writer's obvious ignorance on the subject." In Plantation, Fla., Shari Liebowitz got pugnacious: "I'd like to give Birnbaum a good left hook in the mouth." Several readers found the attempt at humor through the misspelling of words in poor taste. A few wondered, "Is Birnbaum one of those righties who are envious of lefties?" Not so. Lefty Birnbaum responds, "I am convinced that lefthanded people are especially gifted, their occasional dyslexia notwithstanding. To those readers who took the story a bit too seriously, I can only urge them to lighten up and heed my call to arms: LEFTIES OF THE WORLD, UNITE!"



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CRITICS' VOICES

BY TIME'S REVIEWERS/Compiled by Andrea Sachs



THEATER

OUR COUNTRY'S GOOD. Does art ennoble the lowest wretch? Are convicts and their captors kindred spirits under the skin? Playwright Timberlake Wertenbaker says so in this didactic and sporadically touching Broadway drama, staged without subtlety in a transfer from the Hartford Stage Company.

THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES. Tommy Tune's staging and choreography capture the splash-and-dazzle Ziegfeld extravaganzas of the teens and '20s, and Keith Carradine engagingly replicates the rope-twirling humorist who starred in them. But Will Rogers, the biggest multimedia star of his time, proves of little interest today, and every enduring thing he ever said has long since been quoted to tedium.

ANOTHER TIME. Albert Finney revives his London triumph in Ronald Harwood's drama about a South African pianist, as Chicago's Steppenwolf troupe opens a sumptuous new \$8 million theater. But the company members, most of them much younger than Fin-

ney, are at a loss playing relatively a generation older.



BOOKS

THE SOCCER WAR by Ryszard Kapuscinski (Knopf: \$21). Back when Hunter S. Thompson still needed a road map to find Las Vegas, this Polish journalist was taking absurd, gonzo risks in the Third World. This is a breezy compilation of anecdotes recalled from the years he spent covering Africa and Latin America. Kapuscinski displays a keen empathy with the aspirations, however inchoate, of people who have glimpsed freedom for the first time.



MOVIES

TRUTH OR DARE. Madonna, stern mistress of her own evolving image, invites the camera along on her *Blond Ambition* concert tour. This rude documentary, long but lots of fun, features star cameos by Warren Beatty, Kevin Costner and Sandra Bernhard.

"GORGEOUS!"

GOULD CONDUCTS WAGNER (Sony Classical). Shortly before his death in 1982, the legendary pianist Glenn Gould decided to experiment with the idea of becoming a conductor. Since he had abdicated the concert stage 18 years earlier, he quietly rented a hall and hired some members of the Toronto Symphony. Though most famous for his electric keyboard interpretations of Bach, Gould chose for his orchestral debut Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll*, which he took at a glacially languorous tempo. When it was over, he blurted onto the tape an accurate verdict: "Gorgeous! Magnificent! Heartbreaking!" Along with that performance, the newly released album contains Gould's superb piano transcriptions of the *Idyll*, *Siegfried's Rhine Journey* and the prelude to *Die Meistersinger*. After nearly a decade of legal negotiations, it marks the beginning of a 30-disk series of Gould recordings, which will include such previously unreleased radio performances as Chopin's *Sonata in B Minor*

LA FEMME NIKITA. Sleek spy stuff in this melodrama about a killer (Anne Parillaud) recruited by French intelligence. Director Luc Besson serves a handsome mix of violent action and sulky introspection. Look for a Hollywood remake, minus the navel gazing.

CITIZEN KANE. Orson Welles' masterpiece, a detective thriller about a missing sled, is 50 years old and back in movie theaters, its freshness, wit, breadth and daring intact. What film critic Cecelia Ager said on its release still applies: "It's as though you'd never seen a movie before."



TELEVISION

KURT VONNEGUT'S MONKEY HOUSE (Showtime, May 15 and 20). Three adaptations of short stories by the sci-fi fabulist. Hardly first-rate Vonnegut (more like second-rate Rod Serling), but more fun than most anything else on TV this month.

O PIONEERS! (PBS, May 17, 9 p.m. on most stations). *American Playhouse* brings to TV a stage-musical version of Willa Cather's novel about Swedish immigrants on the Nebraska frontier, starring Mary McDonnell (*Dances with Wolves*).

OURSONS (ABC, May 19, 9 p.m. EDT). Julie Andrews and Ann-Margret play two women who cope very differently with homosexual sons and the tragedy of AIDS, in one of the first TV movies since *An Early Frost* to tackle the subject head on.



MUSIC

MICHAEL BOLTON: TIME, LOVE & TENDERNESS (Columbia). In an age of drum machines and synthesizers, Bolton relies on his own remarkable voice to pack more soul into a love song than anyone else in

grove plays with the confidence and maturity of jazzmen twice his age. With his sharp attack and liquid tone, he brings his fire and lyricism to a repertoire that is always anchored in melody. Alto-sax man Antonio Fadda adds a riveting counterpoint to this tight, driving quintet.

MAHLER: SYMPHONY NO. 5. KINDERTOTENLIEDER (Philips). Seiji Ozawa leads the Boston Symphony Orchestra in a performance of extraordinary transparency, penetrated by miraculous colors and mood. This vast, emotionally charged work. Jessye Norman's soprano is more enveloping than probing in the achingly beautiful *Songs on the Deaths of Children*.



ART

CATHERINE THE GREAT: TREASURES OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA. Memphis Cook Convention Center, Memphis. A most 300 items from the era of the 18th century Zarina, including court costumes, an embroidered war tent, bejeweled snuff boxes, saintly icons and a newly restored golden coronation carriage. Through Sept. 8.

EXPLORATIONS II: THE NEW FURNITURE. American Craft Museum, New York City. Six fanciful and inventive works. 11 contemporary American artists. Through Aug. 4.



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Paul Lierert, 1/24/91



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GRAPEVINE

By DAVID ELLIS/Reported by Sidney Urquhart



Don't Call Us, We'll Call You

Mikhail Gorbachev is determined to meet with George Bush sometime this summer, but Washington will continue to balk until the Soviet leader makes a few more arms-control concessions. While Kremlin officials have repeatedly predicted a June rendezvous, their U.S. counterparts have bridled at the idea because of unresolved issues. Negotiators still haven't decided how to verify a Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty (START), and U.S. arms experts complain that Moscow is undermining the agreement on Conventional Forces in Europe (CFE) by removing some military units from the treaty's jurisdiction. Even the location of a potential summit is up in the air: the recent U.S. embassy fire will probably force the two leaders to hold most of their talks in Leningrad. That at least would avoid a touchy problem. Gorbachev advisers have told Washington they don't want Bush to meet with Boris Yeltsin, maverick leader of the Russian republic.

Mr. President, Heal Thyself

Aides to British Prime Minister John Major are noting the irony of the advice George Bush gave their boss just a few weeks ago. During a postwar meeting in Bermuda, the President noticed Major's weary appearance. "Are you wiped out?" he asked. "You have to take care of yourself, John. You must pace yourself." Bush urged Major to take a vacation, and the Conservative leader did man-

age a few days off at Easter. During Bush's health scare, Major returned the gesture of friendship and concern by phoning the President at the hospital.

Heavy Clouds In the Lavatory

U.S. and Canadian air-safety experts are comparing notes on the often dangerous ways cigarette addicts try to foil lavatory smoke detectors. Smokers frequently remove batteries from the detectors, while other passengers carry shower caps to cover the devices. Some smokers have been caught desperately blowing smoke into vacuum-operated washbasin drains and toilet bowls. Other fliers find legal but far more elaborate methods to circumvent the law ban-

ning smoking on domestic flights of six hours or less. Tobaccoholics traveling coast to coast have been known to book a stopover in Mexico as a legal way of obtaining a smoking seat aboard an international flight.

Kitty Kelley's Other Victim

Veteran political reporter Lou Cannon has earned glowing reviews for *President Reagan: The Role of a Lifetime*, a 948-page opus that charts its subject's political journey from Sacramento to Washington. So why haven't you heard more about it? That's simple: the book was released barely a week before Kitty Kelley's hit-and-run job on Nancy Reagan. Cannon is upset that Simon & Schuster, publisher of both biographies, didn't live up to a verbal agreement to keep the release of the Kelley book separate from his own tome. After numerous leaks

VOX POP

Which would you prefer as a name for your race?

Feb. '89 April '91

Black	61%	48%
African-American	26%	39%

From a telephone poll of 200 black Americans about names for black people on April 29-30. By Tompkins County, New York. Sampling error is plus or minus 3.5%. "The names" omitted.

about the Kelley book's contents, the company moved up its publication date from May to early April without informing Cannon, he claims. Although *President Reagan* has landed on some best-seller lists, Cannon has hired a lawyer to explore possible legal action. That move may prompt the publisher to promote the book more aggressively.

The Bare Facts

In Hollywood, swollen egos can lead to skyrocketing costs. Movie-industry insiders say megastar Bruce Willis was unhappy with the look of his receding hairline and bald spot in the prints of *Hudson Hawk*, the \$45 million action film scheduled to open next week. So TriStar Pictures hired a special-effects firm to retouch every offending frame.

That Costly Object Of Desire

The art market is in a tailspin, but no one would know it from the attention lavished on one item auctioned in Manhattan last week. *Objet-Dard*, a 1962 Marcel Duchamp bronze casting owned by the estate of the late graffiti artist Keith Haring, was listed in the Christie's catalog at a cautiously low estimate of \$8,000 to \$10,000. (The title of the frankly phallic piece is a pun on objet d'art, substituting the French word for dart.) In a matter of seconds, bids for the 8-in. work soared into six figures in a battle between two unseen telephone bidders. The winning offer: \$135,000 from a Belgian art dealer.



GAMES PEOPLE PLAY



A tour of the world's latest offerings, from appalling to zany:



RUSHIN' RUSSIAN. Test your vocabulary by filling in the correct Russian words in each story. For every set of this U.S. pencil-and-paper game sold this spring, the manufacturer will put one ruble into Boris Yeltsin's campaign chest.

CATECHIC. The winner is the first player to circle the cathedral and reach the Virgin Mary; cheaters must head for the confessional. This French board game has the Vatican's blessing.

BACTERIA PANIC. The medical version of Old Maid deals out "sickness cards" illustrated with grisly images of ringworm, gonorrhea and—for the big loser—AIDS. But widespread outrage is forcing the Japanese manufacturer to pull the game off the shelves.

LITEN UP. Just in time for the bikini season comes a "diet survival" board game that pits players against the spinning "wheel of willpower." Beware! You may wallow indefinitely in Restaurant Row.

NAZI VIDEOS. A big hit with young German and Austrian skinheads, these underground video games polish such management skills as how to run a death camp more efficiently.

NATIONAL ENQUIRER. Players can blow Murdoch and Maxwell off the newsstand by creating their own tacky tabloids. And they don't have to worry about pesky lawsuits from Liz or Roseanne.

TIME/MAY 20, 1991

• COVER STORIES

Why Not The Best?

Bush's loyalty to Quayle has, if anything, stiffened as a result of his heart scare. But the choice still worries many Americans.



By DAN GOODGAME WASHINGTON



For a while George Bush made it possible to forget about Dan Quayle. The Vice President, whose name has become a worldwide synonym for a man in over his head, faded into near invisibility as Bush dominated the headlines with his forceful leadership in Panama and the Persian Gulf. Watching the frenetic President jog and swim, angle for bonefish and gun his speedboat, few thought of him as an ordinary mortal nearing his 67th birthday.

But that all changed on May 4, when Bush pulled up short of breath while jogging at Camp David. His doctors quickly detected an irregular heartbeat and rushed him to Bethesda Naval Hospital. As it turned out, the President had not suffered a heart attack. But hearts across the nation and around the world began to fibrillate at the thought that Quayle might suddenly be thrust into the most powerful position on earth.

On May 6, Bush briefly considered transferring his powers to the Vice President under the 25th Amendment so that doctors could put him under general anesthesia and administer an electric shock to stabilize his heartbeat. The treatment proved unnecessary, and tests later showed that Bush's condition was caused by Graves' disease, a noncontagious thyroid ailment that, coincidentally, also afflicts First Lady Barbara Bush. The condition is usually manageable with drugs and low doses of radiation. Bush returned to the White House early last week and resumed work, albeit at a slightly less frantic pace.

But while the President seemed to be

returning to normal, the rest of the country continued to suffer from the shakes. New polls showed that most Americans, including a majority of Republicans, harbor deep doubts about Quayle. This public sentiment is echoed, with refinements, by senior White House officials and other top Republicans, most of whom concede privately that they are highly uncomfortable with the prospect of Quayle's replacing Bush. Their consensus is that Quayle, while harder working and more capable than his public image suggests, will never develop the broad grasp of issues or the commanding presence to serve as an effective Chief Executive.

Such public and private assessments of Quayle have revived speculation—and fervent hope—that Bush will drop him from the 1992 G.O.P. ticket. Those who know Bush best, however, are sure that those hopes will be dashed unless Quayle becomes so much of a liability that he threatens Bush's chances to win a second term. G.O.P. strategists calculate that dumping him would pose more political risks than keeping him on the ticket. The biggest danger of a switch would be damage to Bush's credibility, which, despite his victory in the Gulf War, remains strained by his flip-flops on abortion, gun control and especially taxes. "The President has been taking heat on Quayle for so long that if he dropped him now, the political damage would be 10 times worse than it was on taxes," says a senior Republican strategist. "The President would look like just another scum politician, and one of the main

Despite Bush's better health and Quayle's upbeat hand signal, all is not O.K. for the V.P.

If President Bush runs for re-election, do you think he should keep Vice President Quayle as his running mate?

YES 34% NO 52%

If Bush keeps Quayle as his running mate, would this make you more or less likely to vote for Bush next year?

MORE LIKELY 12%
LESS LIKELY 24%
WOULD NOT MATTER 56%

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things he has going for him is that the public sees him as more honorable and principled than that."

True to form, Bush rushed to Quayle's defense last week. Asked what he thought of the cries for the Vice President's replacement, Bush half-jokingly threatened to flip an obscene gesture at reporters, saying "Do you want that by word or by hand?"

Other White House officials, sympathetic toward the Vice President yet cognizant of his shortcomings, emphasize that Quayle has not performed worse in the White House than he did during his unremarkable congressional career and that the blame for his selection must fall to Bush. In fact, to understand why Bush will not dump Quayle, it is helpful to consider why he chose him over better-qualified candidates in the first place. Like other presidential nominees, Bush looked not for the most capable potential successor but rather for the running mate who could help him win the White House by compensating for his own perceived weaknesses:

The most important of these was Bush's peculiar need to demonstrate independence in his first "presidential" decision.

Resentful of news stories that depicted him as Ronald Reagan's lapdog and a tool of savvy campaign "handlers," Bush decided that he would choose his running mate in secret and that his pick would be dramatic and unexpected.

Bush also wanted a Vice President who would define the job as he had defined it under Reagan and would not upstage or challenge him. The choice of a running mate always poses a trade-off between finding a person competent to step in if the President becomes incapacitated and one who is self-effacing enough to stand uncomplainingly in the President's shadow. In choosing Quayle, Bush clearly gave more importance to the latter than to the former.

Bush hoped that Quayle, as a movement conservative, would energize or at least neutralize the G.O.P.'s right wing, which had always viewed Bush with suspicion. "A lot of the high-echelon members of this Administration are considered to be in the moderate camp," says Republican national chairman Clayton Yeutter, "so Vice President Quayle serves the President as a very

effective liaison to the more conservative segment of the party."

Finally, Bush wished to reach out through the 44-year-old Quayle to a younger generation of voters. This last hope was dashed when Republican pollsters determined that voters in Quayle's age group resented him as someone born to wealth and privilege who had not paid his dues, yet had been elevated over worthier candidates.

In the President's mind, most of his reasons for tapping Quayle remain valid. But by clinging so stubbornly to a Vice President that few inside or outside the Administration believe is qualified—or can ever become qualified—to take his place, Bush is elevating his personal political interests above the national interest.

The President's refusal to reconsider dumping Quayle is all the more baffling because the Republican Party is blessed with a number of attractive alternatives in Bush's Cabinet, the Senate and statehouses around the nation. Selecting any of them would signal to the nation that the President is aware of the need to provide a potential successor who is capable not only of leading the country but also of inspiring public confidence.

In the following story, TIME profiles five prominent Republican officials who have the experience and stature required for the vice presidency. All would provide some balance to the 1992 ticket. All are well enough liked by Bush to work with him in the style he demands.

The list would be longer if sheer competence had been the only criterion. Secretary of State James Baker, for example, is eminently well qualified to take over the White House if need be. But as a fellow Texan, Baker would offer Bush little help on the G.O.P. ticket—and he is not self-effacing enough for the second-banana role. Senate Republican Leader Bob Dole is out of the running because he and Bush still nurse bruises from their bitter fight for the Republican nomination. Housing and Urban Development Secretary Jack Kemp, the right wing's favorite for Vice President in 1988, annoys Bush with his long-winded expositions of conservative political theories. But even if these possibilities are excluded, Bush has plenty of prospects from which to choose, if he would choose to do so. ■



Five Who Fit the Bill

If Bush wanted a new Vice President, he would not have to look far for candidates who are competent and compatible

Savvy, Gravitas And a Good Résumé

The President could choose no more experienced man-in-waiting than Dick Cheney. Consider his résumé: Secretary of Defense; former White House chief of staff; former Republican whip in the House of Representatives; co-author with wife Lynne, who heads the National Endowment for the Humanities, of a lively book about past leaders of the House. Cheney is a pragmatic conservative who earned the respect of liberal Democrats with his good humor and willingness to hear—if not heed—opposing arguments.

At 50, Cheney is a political generation

younger than Bush. Yet he conveys a sense of assurance and *gravitas*—what the British call bottom—that the callow Quayle may never attain.

The son of a former Department of Agriculture employee, Cheney was born in Nebraska but grew up in Caspar, Wyo. He won a scholarship to Yale but dropped out after three semesters. "I wasn't a serious student," Cheney told the *Washington Post*. After bumming around the West for a couple of years, he enrolled at the University of Wyoming and graduated in 1965 with a B.A. in political science.

While working toward a doctorate in that subject at the University of Wisconsin, Cheney plunged into politics and hardly ever looked back. He went to Washington in 1968 as a staffer to a Republican congressman, who soon loaned him to Donald Rumsfeld, head of the Office of Economic Opportunity. When Rumsfeld moved to Nixon's White House as counselor, Cheney went along as his deputy. He escaped the Watergate tarnish by resigning in 1973 to work for a firm of Washington lobbyists.

A year later, Rumsfeld and Cheney were back in the White House as part of Gerald Ford's transition team. Cheney succeeded his old pal as chief of staff, gaining a reputation as a cool, self-effacing, politically shrewd manager. After Ford's loss to Jimmy Carter, Cheney ran for Wyoming's one seat in the House. He won, although during the G.O.P. primary he suffered the first of his three heart attacks, at the age of 37.

In his six terms in Congress Cheney built a rock-solid conservative record, supporting such favorite Reagan programs as Star Wars and military aid to Nicaragua's *contras*. Despite his lack of military expertise, the Senate easily confirmed him as Secretary of Defense after rejecting Bush's first choice, John Tower. Cheney quickly showed his mettle by publicly censuring the Air Force chief of staff for appearing to negotiate strategic missile-deployment options with Congress without authorization. In joint TV appearances with General Colin Powell during the Gulf war, Cheney impressed Bush—not to

mention millions of other Americans—as a captain in command.

Cheney's record and his proven skills at stroking Congress would be solid pluses for the Defense Secretary as a running mate for Bush. Some Washington insiders believe he would take the job if offered it. He is very low key as a campaign orator, however, and three years ago he underwent a heart bypass operation. His doctor says he's fine. But Democrats could, not unfairly, ask whether the men on a Bush-Cheney team had a good ticker between the two of them.

First in War, Second in Peace?

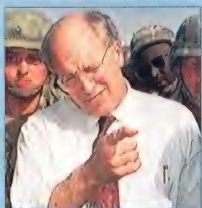
No sooner had the Persian Gulf war ended when polls showed that a large majority of Americans preferred Colin Powell to Dan Quayle as a running mate for Bush in 1992. Powell's response was double edged. "I have no interest in politics at the moment," he declared. At this moment, at least, no one is even sure whether Powell leans toward the Republicans or the Democrats. (He's registered as an Independent.) But if the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff could be persuaded to reconsider his not quite Shermanesque refusal, Bush could hardly choose a more symbolically powerful running mate—or a more capable one. During the war, Powell not only became a national presence but emerged as a model of Americans as they like to imagine themselves. He seemed a man of action who was deeply reflective as well—direct, lucid and unflappable. His presence on the ticket would be a palpable reminder of the (mostly) successful U.S. war in the Gulf.

While Quayle sometimes brings to mind Bush's own privileged background and occasional air of pale inaction, Powell could underscore the side of Bush that the President would like voters to keep in mind: the grave and decisive commander. The tale of Powell's childhood in the South Bronx, where his parents were Jamaican immigrants, could even provide a countervailing mythology if the Democrats nominate Mario Cuomo, with his famous saga of growing up in nearby Queens as the son of an immigrant Italian grocer.

Powell is perceived by some critics as a



DICK CHENEY



PROS: Experience in Congress, the White House and Cabinet; proven loyalty; solid right-wing credentials.

CONS: Heart problems; home state of Wyoming has few electoral votes.

SCENARIO: By having a savvy proas backup, Bush can reassure conservative voters.



COLIN POWELL



PROS: A war hero with experience in foreign relations; a black candidate with "crossover" appeal to whites.
CONS: Has never held elective office; may be a closet liberal.
SCENARIO: If Bush feels confident of winning, the choice of Powell would allow him to lure the black vote while putting Willie Horton behind him.

"political general," closely attuned to congressional sensitivities and the slow drag of the legislative process. But such proclivities could just as easily be read as assets for a Vice President. Though he has never held elective office, he can claim almost two decades of political experience in Washington. After completing two tours in Vietnam and serving in a series of other military posts, Powell came to the attention of official Washington in 1972, when a White House fellowship placed him in the Office of Management and Budget. He rarely ventured outside the Beltway again, meanwhile filling some of the most powerful jobs in America, including National Security Adviser to Ronald Reagan and his current post as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "I don't know anybody in this town who's served so long in such sensitive jobs who's been as free of criticism as Colin," says former Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger. Powell's onetime boss.

Despite his impressive credentials, the most potent quality that Powell would bring to the Bush ticket would be his race. For the most part the general has side-stepped any attempt to categorize him as a prominent African-American. And for the most part he has succeeded. Yet the significance of making Powell the first black nominee for the vice presidency would be profound. In narrow political terms, it

would almost certainly attract large numbers of black voters who could otherwise be counted on to support the Democrats. It would go far toward allowing George Bush to put behind him the dismal misuse of Willie Horton in 1988. But no matter what Powell's presence might mean for the Republican ticket, more important by far is what it would mean for the nation.

Talk Softly and Carry a Big State

If Bush were to dump Dan Quayle for Pete Wilson, voters might be forgiven for thinking the new G.O.P. ticket was composed of clones. Drawing a speech on the hustings, the recently elected Governor of California sounds amazingly like the President. When he screws up his face, he even looks a bit like Bush. There is a political resemblance as well: both are moderates distrusted by the Republican right wing.

Conservatives' misgivings might not dissuade Bush from selecting Wilson if Republican strategists concluded that the President's re-election chances were in jeopardy. Because California's population grew 6 million, to more than 29 million during the 1980s, the state will have 54

electoral votes in the 1992 election—nearly one-fifth the 270 needed to capture the White House. Despite a lack of charisma so glaring that the *Los Angeles Times* recently dubbed him Robopol, Wilson, 57, knows how to carry California. He has won three tough statewide elections, including a 49%-46% defeat of feisty Democrat Dianne Feinstein in last year's Governor's race.

Wilson would also be an appropriate choice if Bush wants to beכון to the political center outside California. Wilson is a solid supporter of a strong U.S. military and reduced government spending. But his approval of abortion and advocacy of limits on oil drilling would appeal to youngish suburbanites, who, for the first time, may be a majority of voters in next year's race. G.O.P. conservatives are not likely to abandon a Bush-Wilson ticket, but there is a political risk: if it won, Wilson would have to leave California in the hands of a Democratic Lieutenant Governor and the Democratic-led legislature.

Like countless other Californians, Wilson came from someplace else: Chicago born, he grew up in St. Louis. He got his start in politics as a law stu-

dent at the University of California, Berkeley, where he organized a campus Young Republicans Club. In 1971, after serving five years in the state assembly, Wilson was elected mayor of San Diego. During three terms in city hall, he imposed restrictions on the city's untrammelled growth.

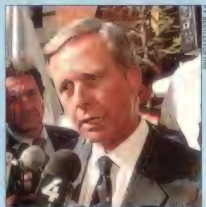
In 1982, Wilson ran for California's then vacant Senate seat and beat ex-Governor Jerry Brown. Wilson was a true-blue Reaganite in backing the Strategic Defense Initiative and Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court. But he also voted to override the President's veto of civil rights legislation.

In his four months as Governor, Wilson has sought to establish himself as a tough fiscal manager. Confronted by a stagnating state economy, a \$12.6 billion budget gap, and a drought that has threatened California agriculture, Wilson has proposed slashing welfare payments and state aid to local school systems. The state's voters appear impressed by his activism, even though the success of such proposals remains to be seen.

Wilson's aides say the Governor would not leap to join the ticket, although he makes little effort to conceal his plans to run for President in 1996. But Wilson might be tempted, since the exposure he would gain by serving as the President's standby could help him to achieve that goal.



PETE WILSON



PROS: Activist Governor of big state, appeals to independents.
CONS: Not close to Bush, limited executive experience.
SCENARIO: California's big lode of Electoral College votes is essential to recapturing the White House.

From Kansas with Plenty of Moxie

It's hard to imagine Nancy Kassebaum playing second fiddle, even on a national ticket. The three-term Kansas Senator—one of just two women in the upper house of Congress—is famous for the independent streak that led her to oppose Ronald Reagan on school prayer, Star Wars and a balanced-budget amendment while supporting abortion rights and sanctions against South Africa. Despite powerful pressure from her own party, she was the only Republican to vote against George Bush's choice of John Tower to be his Secretary of Defense.

Perhaps she inherited her ornery side from her late father, Alf Landon, the 1936 Republican presidential candidate and longtime icon of Plains-state Republicanism. Wherever it came from, her independence has helped make Kassebaum her state's most popular elected official—take that, Robert Dole!—while at the same time leaving the G.O.P. right wing deeply suspicious of her.

Her undoctinaire conservatism could be just the thing, however, to help the G.O.P. attract suburban swing voters who may identify with the party on economics but are

put off by the more strident right-wing positions on social questions like abortion rights. Kassebaum's unemphatic but unmistakable feminism could also help Bush close the gender gap by luring female voters away from the Democratic Party. Her recognized talent for building coalitions would make her an effective lobbyist for the Administration on Capitol Hill, which is one role that Vice Presidents customarily play.

Kassebaum is not the only prominent Republican woman whom Bush might consider. The short list could include U.S. Trade Representative Carla Hills; former Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Dole; and Secretary of Labor Lynn Martin, a Bush favorite who helped him prepare for his 1984 vice-presidential debate against Geraldine Ferraro.

None of them, however, can boast the legislative experience and proven vote-getting ability of Kassebaum. But if Bush chooses the Kansas Senator, he should not expect a retiring running mate. After she was named deputy chair of the 1988 Republican National Convention, she passed up the opening night, preferring instead to attend a county fair in Abilene, Kans. As she pointedly told a Wichita news-

paper, "I'm happy to speak on substantive issues. But to be treated as a bauble on the tree is not particularly constructive, is it?"



NANCY KASSEBAUM



PROS: An independent woman from a conservative corn-belt state.

CONS: Her pro-abortion, pro-ERA stands have offended the Republican right wing.

SCENARIO: If early polls show women voters leaning toward the Democrats, Bush may look for a magnet to attract them.



CARROLL CAMPBELL



PROS: A leading force in the G.O.P. push for electoral supremacy in the South; a conservative with strong views on education.

CONS: An unknown to most voters; little experience outside his state.

SCENARIO: Bush needs to counter a Democratic ticket that includes a Southerner.

Where He Goes Dixie Follows?

If few Americans are familiar with the South Carolina Governor, the President knows him well. Bush included Carroll Campbell on his short list of vice-presidential possibilities in 1988. Since then, the 50-year-old Governor has only enhanced his image as a prime mover in the G.O.P. effort to push the South more firmly into the Republican column.

Campbell's political fortunes have been a hellwether of the Southern white voter shift away from the Democratic Party. In 1978 Campbell became the first Republican ever to be elected to Congress from his state's fourth district. Eight years later, when Democrats still outnumbered Republicans in the state legislature 6 to 1, he became just the second Republican to be elected Governor since Reconstruction. Though he squeaked by with 51% of the vote, he racked up 71% last November after a re-election campaign that pitted him against a black opponent, state senator Theo Mitchell.

An early and vocal supporter of Ronald Reagan, Campbell has attempted to position himself as a nondoctrinaire conservative. Though he sides with the right against abortion and for school prayer, he has linked himself to issues like education and the environment. In a state whose per pupil expenditures rank near the bottom nationally, Campbell has helped increase state funding for schools. He has also provided money for public health programs to combat infant mortality.

Campbell has known Bush since the early 1970s. A man who can spin some of the funniest shaggy-dog stories ever heard around a cracker barrel, he has the shoes-up-on-the-coffee-table style that the President likes. More important for a campaigner, he's a relaxed and confident speaker in public.

He could still be vulnerable over lingering charges that he exploited anti-Semitic sentiments during his 1978 congressional campaign, in which the Democratic candidate was Jewish. Campbell angrily denies the charge, though there remain suspicions that his unofficial campaign adviser, the late Lee Atwater, may have done some underground Jew baiting on Campbell's behalf. A more immediate problem for Campbell is that he's an unknown to most voters. Then again, so was Dan Quayle in 1988.

Is He Really That Bad?

Quayle does more—and does better—than his public image suggests, but sometimes he chafes at the need to be Bush's Bush

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON



Less than a week after Saddam Hussein's tanks smashed into Kuwait last August, Dan Quayle found himself on a plane to Bogotá, Colombia.

Initially Quayle had not been keen about making the trip. Jetting off to South America while war clouds gathered in the Persian Gulf was not the sort of assignment that would show that the Vice President was "in the loop" at the White House. But George Bush insisted that his Vice President go. There was more to the trip than representing the U.S. at the inauguration of the new Colombian President.

Quayle's real mission called for considerable diplomatic skill. He lobbied Venezuelan President Carlos Andrés Pérez to increase his country's oil production to make up for any shortfall resulting from the disruption in the gulf. Then, in two separate meetings, he pressed the leaders of Brazil and Argentina to stop transfers of ballistic-missile technology to Iraq. Within days, all three nations had complied with Quayle's requests.

The Bogotá trip was not a major turning point in pre-gulf war diplomacy. Nor should anyone confuse Quayle for a member of Bush's first string on international or domestic affairs. But the secret chores he

performed on the Latin swing demonstrated that Quayle does more—and does better—than he is usually given credit for.

Since taking office 27 months ago, the Vice President has sat on the bench like a sixth man, anxiously watching the action and filling in for the starters only as necessary. If he is not ready to step in for George Bush, he has taken advantage of every opportunity to learn on the job. Even as late-night comedians make him a laughingstock, Quayle has quietly established himself as the Administration's point man on a handful of issues. He has become a vigorous White House envoy to constituencies the President ignores. He has shrewdly begun to lay the groundwork for his own 1996 run for the White House. Quayle has become a Vice President in the Bush mold: a self-effacing, dutiful sidekick who will stand where the President points, as Bush sometimes does to Quayle in Rose Garden ceremonies, and will perform secret missions as needed. In other words, he has become the kind of Vice President Bush himself was.

Once derided as a wimp, Bush can sympathize with Quayle's dilemma. Last week the two men spent 10 minutes in the Oval Office alone discussing the nation's latest "President Quayle scare." The next day Bush gave Quayle a public vote of confidence. "I see him in action," said Bush. "I

know what he's doing. He has been extraordinarily helpful, and I can't ask any more of him." Quayle's friends say he is calm about the controversy, sustained by Bush's unflagging endorsement. Notes one: "It would be psychologically impossible to explain his genuine confidence were he not sure of the President's support."

But Bush's words did not calm the jitters most Americans have had since Quayle, looking like a groupie greeting a rock idol, manically accepted Bush's invitation to become his running mate in a bizarre riverside ceremony in New Orleans. The string of verbal gaffes that followed only deepened the impression that Quayle will never be ready for the presidency.

Nor has Quayle been helped by the President's marching orders: Rebuild your reputation, but stay out of sight. As one senior Bush official puts it, "He got maximum national visibility when he was announced, and that was all negative. Now, as Vice President, he gets minimum national visibility to redeem himself. The vice presidency doesn't give you an opportunity to get out of the hole that was dug for him."

The Vice President's dismal approval ratings have exposed a conflict between the way Bush and Quayle seem to view the No. 2 job. Quayle is no George Bush. He does not sit quietly at Cabinet meetings as Bush did. Instead, he injects his opinion

QUAYLE'S PROGRESS



Love at First Sight

Most Americans still shudder when they recall the way Quayle, looking like a goofy teenager greeting a rock idol, manically accepted Bush's invitation to become his running mate, in a bizarre riverside ceremony in New Orleans. Since then he has had no luck in erasing the impression that he is an irredeemable lightweight.



The Great Dislike

Few years were calmed months later when, in a debate with Democratic rival Lloyd Bentsen, Quayle stumbled three times on an easy question about what he would do first if Bush became incapacitated and he became President. "First, I'd say a prayer for myself and my country," said Quayle.



America's Attraction

After quaffing beer with the Aussies during a 1989 tour of the South Pacific, Quayle stopped by Pago Pago to address a group of Samoans. "Happy campers you are, happy campers you have been, and happy campers you will be," declared the Vice President.

frequently, often disagreeing with Administration heavyweights such as Secretary of State James Baker and White House chief of staff John Sununu. His speeches, particularly on foreign policy, are often well ahead of White House guidance, and not always by design. He chafes a bit under Bush's low-visibility model. "He's frustrated that he doesn't get more press coverage," says one of Quayle's closest friends. In a brief chat with TIME, Quayle admitted that "the job of the Vice President is an awkward one. There is no doubt about it that there is some frustration, but having said that, I love this job and I love working for this President."

Amid this tug of war Quayle has carved out an influential role behind the scenes. "The irony is that the things people thought were Quayle's strengths turned out to be his weaknesses—his looks, his speaking and his campaigning," says a senior Administration official. "The things people thought were his weaknesses have turned out to be strengths—he really does have good grasp and attention for issues."

Taking advantage of ties that date back to his own days in the House and Senate, Quayle has established himself as a badly needed back channel to congressional Republicans. He twists arms in close votes and, more important, serves as an early warning system about the mood in Congress. Last month, after the National Academy of Sciences criticized a Quayle-led redesign of the proposed Space Station, the Vice President hurriedly organized a quiet lunch on Capitol Hill. Over sandwiches and cookies, Quayle secured from top lawmakers a commitment to the orbiting platform's new design. When the lunch broke up, he announced the bipartisan consensus to awaiting reporters. "It was a very smart little play," said one participant.

"Even in foreign policy," says a Bush official, Quayle is "always thinking about the politics." Bush believes in acting secretly on foreign problems and then unveiling diplomatic solutions to Congress and the public. But Quayle has frequently argued that the White House must do more to build public support in advance for its actions overseas. That was one reason why he helped forge an unlikely coalition of arch-conservative Republicans and liberal Democrats that united behind Bush's policy of using force against Iraq last fall. The other motive was to help Democrats who support Israel to break ranks and support a Republican President. Quayle's Nov. 9, 1990, speech in New Jersey at Seton Hall University on the moral case for going to war against Iraq struck themes that Bush, then frantically searching for a convincing rationale for using force, eventually adopted. A few weeks later, Quayle again pressed a reluctant Bush to seek congressional authorization for military action should negotiations fail. The President had been unwilling to risk a vote without a guarantee of a unanimous endorsement, but Quayle argued that even a simple majority would help. In the end the Vice President was right.

Quayle has appointed himself unofficial ambassador to Israel, ignoring long-standing U.S. policy. Quayle brashly referred to the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza as Judea and Samaria in a 1990 speech to the American Israel Public Affairs Committee. That brought Quayle the gratitude of the powerful Israeli lobby, but it angered the White House and the State Department and risked a backlash from America's Arab allies. Later it was Quayle who, against widespread opposition, won approval for a \$700 million weapons shipment for Israel in the early months

of the Gulf conflict. "Quayle," said a top Israeli lobbyist, "is a friend and a factor."

Careful to keep one eye on his political future, Quayle has made a pet project out of California, a key state George Bush has never particularly liked or understood. The Vice President has made 16 trips to California, establishing contacts with a wide network of corporate chiefs and junior executives. "He's developing relations with people who in five, six, seven years will very likely be running their companies," said one fund raiser. He has also turned a bureaucratic backwater known as the Council on Competitiveness into a powerful body that reviews new federal regulations—and thus can reward businesses with lucrative regulatory relief and industrialists with government favors.

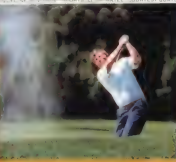
Clearly, these are not the acts of a stupid man. Nearly everyone in the White House credits the Veep with being quick, well read and hardworking. But Quayle continues to display an unsettling lack of political judgment. A case in point: his flying off on an Air Force plane to play a few rounds of golf at Augusta National at the height of the public furor over Sununu's liberal use of military aircraft for personal recreation. Asked for an explanation, Quayle's aides could only crack, "We were trying to deflect flak from the chief of staff."

Some officials privately contend Bush owes Quayle a higher profile, a chance to prove to Americans that he is more than just a pretty face. That is unlikely for now. Quayle, Bush predicted just before his Inauguration, would find "the same kind of constraint and the same kind of fulfillment" he experienced while laboring in Reagan's shadow. Those conditions may help Bush get re-elected while Quayle is on the ticket. But they won't help Quayle convince a skeptical public that he is qualified to be President.



When in Orbit:

Quayle launched an overhaul of the nation's chaotic space policy, leading the battle for a scaled-back space station and unmanned rockets.



Clubs and Criers:

Last month, at the height of the uproar over John Sununu's use of military aircraft, Quayle jetted off to Georgia with Transportation Secretary Sam Skinner for a round at Augusta National Park that cost taxpayers \$27,000.



Steady Presence:

Explaining to his wife on an official trip to Chile in 1990 that "this is something teenage boys might find of interest," Quayle purchased a doll that displays a prominent male organ when properly manipulated.



Man of the Year:

Seeking to show that Quayle was "in the loop" during times of crisis, Bush was careful to include him in the eight-member war cabinet that directed military action against Saddam Hussein. But the role of the Vice President was minimal. According to participants, he served mainly as "a steady presence and observer."

The Strange Destiny Of a Vice President

He is the second highest-ranking official in the land, and he is also the butler—or the handyman

By LANCE MORROW



A procession trudges along the service road of American history, looking distinguished and wistful: George Clinton, Daniel D. Tompkins, George M. Dallas, William King, Hannibal Hamlin, Schuyler Colfax, William A. Wheeler, Levi P. Morton, Garret A. Hobart, Charles W. Fairbanks, Charles Dawes, John Nance Garner, Henry Wallace, Alben Barkley...

These men, Vice Presidents of the U.S., share a strange fate—a shelved career, high office without power, a political glory all but lost in nonentity, and a galling kind of subservience. Good news: You are the second highest-ranking official in the land. Bad news: You are also the butler. Or the handyman. All you have is a faintly unclear hope of things to come.

The vice presidency calls up its rueful folklore. "Cactus Jack" Garner of Texas, F.D.R.'s Vice President from 1933 to 1941, did not say the office was "not worth a pitcher of warm spit." He said it was "not worth a pitcher of warm piss." The line is almost always cleaned up for the civics class. No one has improved on Mr. Dooley's formulation: "Th' Prsidency is th' highest office in th' gift iv th' people. Th' Vice-Prsidency is th' next highest an' th' lowest. It isn't a crime exactly. Ye can't be sint to jail fr it, but it's a kind iv a disgrace. It's like writin' anonymous letters."

Sometimes, of course, the nonentity is summoned up from the servants' quarters and invested with the master's power. When a President dies in office, there is the initial shock of the news and then, a moment later, a sort of secondary explosion. The hand slaps the forehead in a star burst of realization: "My God! You know what this means?!"

Such moments—April 15, 1865: April 12, 1945; Nov. 22, 1963, for example—are lessons in the psychology of power. The trauma of a President's death, especially by assassination, becomes the drama of a mediocrity, a sort of imposter, presuming to take over. Or so it always seems. The vice president almost by definition enforces an expectation of the second rate: the man is inherently a loser (he was not the President, after all) or at best a Sancho Panza. In the case of Andrew Johnson following Abraham Lincoln, the fear of mediocrity was fulfilled. When Franklin Roosevelt died, a god of the era gave place, it

seemed, to democracy's least common denominator, a barking, weightless little haberdasher from Independence, Mo.

The presidential nominee always says the person he has selected to be his running mate is the American "best qualified to take over in the White House in the event of my death." That is a ceremonial lie. The choice of a vice-presidential running mate is a purely political calculation aimed at winning the November election. A presidential candidate looks for a complementary running mate, someone to shore up a weak side—to lend geographical or ideological balance, for example. Conservative Californian Ronald Reagan picked Connecticut-Texas moderate George Bush. It may be a matter of

ages, aesthetics, chemistry and coloring, as well as political alliances. Elder, moderate, military statesman Dwight Eisenhower chose younger, nastier, darker, feistier conservative Richard Nixon. At some time down the line, national tickets will be balanced by sex and race as well.

The vice-presidential ritual demonstrates a phenomenon of political optics: few men—or women—look qualified to be President before they get into office, either by winning it or taking the place of a fallen predecessor. Or, conversely, those who look abundantly qualified beforehand may prove to be disappointing. Presidential politics is inventive, bizarre and addicted to surprise.

Consider: Harry Truman, who seemed hopelessly unqualified when Roosevelt died, is now regarded as one of the better Presidents, a strong leader of substance, intelligence and personal force.

John Kennedy in 1960 had glamour, money and his father's ambitions for him. And no record of any real achievement anywhere. Many regarded him as a rich, graceful pretty-boy and little else. Some still do. J.F.K. may have a larger place in American memory than he did in the actuality of his time.



"Cactus Jack" Garner knew what his job was about
Glory all but lost in a galling subservience.

History discloses character in unpredictable ways. Much of America's elite in 1860 regarded Lincoln as a wilderness buffoon. There is the counterpattern: Ulysses Grant, the soldier who saved the Union, looked like a much greater man at his Inauguration than he did when he left the White House. So, too, some candidates (Michigan Governor George Romney in 1968, for example, or Texas' John Connally in 1980) had an air of silver-haired inevitability about them until the political process almost mysteriously rejected them. Ex-Vice President Lyndon Johnson came to the White House by a strange, fatal route. He was splendidly qualified to be President, it seemed. But his Administration ended like the fifth act of *King Lear*.

Before George Bush arrived at the White House, a certain amount of ambient wisdom had written him down as a wimp, an opportunist who, at almost every step of his career, would be overtaken by the Peter Principle (in a hierarchy, every employee tends to rise to his level of incompetence). Bush has not yet completed his transformation to Lincoln. Dan Quayle does not yet look Trumanesque either. But there is time. Hope lies always in the evolving surprise.

Stalking the Red Intruders

How the CIA's counterintelligence chief virtually paralyzed the agency at the height of the cold war with his obsessive pursuit of Soviet moles

By **BRUCE VAN VOORST** WASHINGTON

James Jesus Angleton was an enigma. With his horn-rimmed glasses, homburg hats and foppish manners, he looked more like a Cambridge don than an American spy hunter. Yet the Idaho-born Yale graduate, who joined the Central Intelligence Agency after a wartime stint in the Office of Strategic Services, had a flair for global intrigue and office politics that propelled him into the CIA's upper echelons. During his 20-year tenure as head of counterintelligence at the height of the cold war, Angleton hamstrung the agency with a paranoid mole hunt that led him to ignore crucial leads provided by KGB defectors—and even to terrorize staff members with intimidating inquiries. By the time he was sacked in 1974, the hard-drinking, chain-smoking Angleton had so thoroughly undermined the agency's effectiveness that a formal CIA review accused him of having a "very detrimental" effect on the agency.

Those sensational charges are advanced by British author Tom Mangold in a new book, *Cold Warrior* (Simon & Schuster; \$22.95), and provide the basis for a PBS *Frontline* special, *The Spy Hunter*, airing May 14. Though allegations of wrenching divisions within the CIA in the 1960s and early '70s are not new, Mangold has managed to corroborate many of the details in interviews with former CIA officials who were so distressed over events of that era that they were willing to break their vow of silence. After three years of research, Mangold concludes that counterintelligence and the recruitment of Soviets—both of which came under Angleton's scrutiny—"were virtually paralyzed by Angleton's operations." TIME's survey of many senior CIA veterans indicates there is considerable truth to this judgment.

Angleton's fixation on Soviet penetration probably began with allegations that his best friend in Britain's M16 intelligence service, Kim Philby, was a KGB

mole. Philby removed all doubt when he defected to the Soviets in 1963. "After the Philby case," says an Angleton friend, "Jim was never the same." But the full scope of Angleton's obsessive mole hunt was not apparent until his dismissal. Agents sent to clear out his secret vault at the CIA's Langley, Va., headquarters discovered hundreds of files from his Ahab-like search for Soviet counteragents within the ranks of the CIA. Investigators were baffled to find scores of unexplored leads and astounding revelations of Angleton's misdeeds and malfeasance. Among them:

THE NICK NACK DOSSIER. The FBI gave Angleton a file full of tips from a Soviet military intelligence officer code-named "Nick Nack," who outlined Soviet penetrations around the world. Angleton, convinced that the agent was part of a Soviet

plot to plant a mole, stuffed the report in a safe and ignored its contents. When Angleton's successor, George Kalaris, followed up the information, all of the 20 leads it contained resulted in arrests and convictions of important Soviet agents. "In each instance," says Mangold, "spies continued to operate for seven to 10 years because of Angleton's neglect."

THE LOGINOV BETRAYAL. Angleton was the prime motivator in the tragic case of Yuri Loginov, a Soviet KGB officer who provided valuable intelligence to the CIA for more than six years. Angleton decided that Loginov, then under Soviet "deep cover" in South Africa, was "dirty"—a Soviet plant. Loginov was exposed as a KGB spy to local authorities, who in 1969 turned him over to the West Germans to use in a spy swap with the East. In 1979 an agency review determined that Loginov had been aboveboard and his information valid.

THE GOLITSYN DEFECTION. Angleton's fears of a mole in the CIA appeared to be confirmed in 1961 by KGB Major Anatoly Golitsyn, a Soviet defector. Although Golitsyn initially denied any knowledge of Soviet penetrations, he later claimed that the Soviets had planted an agent code-named "Sasha" inside the agency. Golitsyn also described a Soviet "master plan" to provide disinformation to the CIA and cautioned that subsequent Soviet defectors would be dispatched to discredit him. Thus when KGB Lieut. Colonel Yuri Nosenko defected in 1964, the stage was set for a monumental confrontation that still reverberates within the halls of the CIA. Nosenko claimed to have first-hand knowledge that the KGB was not involved in the assassination of President John Kennedy and, moreover, that there was no Soviet penetration of the CIA. But Golitsyn fingered Nosenko as a false defector, and Angleton sided with Golitsyn.

Unable to find a mole among Soviet defectors and counteragents, Angleton turned



After the fall: spy catcher James Angleton in 1975

An internal review judged his impact "very detrimental" to the agency.



George Kaloris, Angleton's successor, followed up many missed leads



KGB defector Golitsyn told of a Soviet "master plan"

on the CIA's own staff. Some 40 officers in the Soviet Division were considered suspect, and 14 of them were seriously investigated. Angleton's only grounds were that they were of Russian origin or, based on Golitsyn's allegations, that their names began with K. Three senior CIA officials who later learned how the investigation had marred their careers sued the agency and won six-figure compensations. KGB Colonel Oleg Gordievsky, who spied for the West for 10 years before defecting in 1985, said after reviewing Angleton's cases that the former counterintelligence chief "displayed disgraceful ignorance of the KGB and the Soviet system as a whole."

Angleton's conduct greatly inhibited

the CIA's attempts to recruit Soviet agents at the height of the cold war. Retired veterans of the agency's Soviet Division describe a lethargy that gripped them because of Angleton's constant security fears. "Jim had gotten out of hand," concludes former CIA Director William Colby. "His central intelligence staff had become far too intimidating." The Soviet Division, according to Colby, "wasn't doing anything worthwhile." Richard Helms, who was the CIA's director from 1966 to 1972, concedes that "Jim fell in love with his agent Golitsyn," but he also insists that "it speaks well for Jim that the CIA was not penetrated on his watch."

To many observers, Angleton's defense

of the CIA against Soviet penetration is sufficient evidence of his professionalism and his contribution to the nation. But as former senior CIA officials speak out on the abuses and failings of that period, it becomes increasingly clear what a heavy price was paid. Mangold's account leaves many questions unanswered; yet his sources, many of them never before heard from, convincingly challenge the air of omniscience that Angleton cultivated. Intelligence is always a shifting kaleidoscope of light and shadow, reality and illusion, but the basic lesson of Angleton's career is that nobody in a clandestine organization such as the CIA should ever be allowed the degree of power he possessed.

Webster Bids Farewell to Langley

President George Bush and CIA Director William Webster clowned around like high school kids last week at a news conference called to announce Webster's resignation from the agency. "We're going to miss you, pal," Bush said. Webster thanked the President, praised him and quipped, "I know a good thyroid when I see one."

It was the end of Webster's four-year stint at the helm of America's vast intelligence network. He had ably carried out the mandate given to him at the outset: to restore the CIA's image and accountability, both of which had been badly damaged by his predecessor, the devious and headstrong William Casey. "Webster improved relations with Congress. Internally, he established stricter rules," says David Whipple, a former senior CIA official who now heads the Association of Former Intelligence Officers. "He did his job very well."

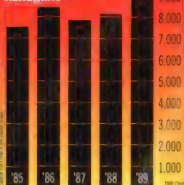
A former FBI director and federal judge, Webster improved cooperation between the agency and the bureau on counterintelligence matters. He increased to an all-time high the number of CIA officers involved in recruiting agents abroad. He also began reorienting intelligence priorities for a world in which the Warsaw Pact had collapsed and economic and

Third World issues were becoming increasingly important.

But Webster was also criticized for not playing a sufficiently forceful role in the Administration. The President disagreed: "There's always some s.o.b. who thinks Webster ought to be making policy the way Bill Casey did," Bush told his aides. Yet opinion in Washington is nearly unanimous in the view that Webster did not develop the mastery of foreign policy or of intelligence issues needed to steer the ship of spookdom through the uncharted 1990s.

The leading contenders to replace Webster at the agency's Langley, Va., headquarters are Deputy National Security Adviser Robert Gates and Ambassador to Beijing James Lilley, who ended his two-year stint last week. Gates, a respected former CIA Soviet analyst who was Casey's deputy, is the odds-on favorite among White House staff members. But he would face careful questioning by the Senate about his knowledge of the Iran-contra affair. Lilley, a former CIA operations officer, became close to Bush when the future President served as head of the U.S. diplomatic mission to Beijing in 1974. Both Gates and Lilley appear well qualified to head what Webster last week rightly called the "healthy organization" he is leaving behind.

U.S. murders by handguns



A Blow to The N.R.A.

The House takes an overdue stand for gun control

By ALEX PRUD'HOMME

Like rival gunfighters, the National Rifle Association and Handgun Control Inc. stalked each other for months. The contest hardly seemed equal: with 2.7 million members and an annual budget of \$86 million, the giant N.R.A. seemed to tower over the bantamweight gun-control group, which has only 1 million members and a \$6.5 million budget. But after the smoke cleared from last week's shootout on Capitol Hill, advocates of gun control had triumphed in a surprisingly lopsided 239-186 House vote for the so-called Brady bill.

Named after James S. Brady, the former White House press secretary who was crippled in the attempted assassination of President Reagan in 1981, the bill calls for a seven-day waiting period for the purchase of handguns. The proposal is designed to give police time to check a purchaser's criminal and mental-health records (although it does not require such checks); furthermore, say advocates, the wait will provide a "cooling-off" period for hot-headed customers.

Before voting on Brady, the House rejected an N.R.A.-backed counterproposal: a national computerized data bank allowing for immediate checks on a gun buyer's record. Critics claimed it would take years and cost hundreds of millions of dollars to set up such a computer network and charged that the plan was really designed to scuttle the Brady bill. "The stranglehold of the N.R.A. on Congress is now broken," crowed Representative Charles E. Schumer, a New York Democrat and a co-sponsor of the waiting-period bill. "They had this aura of invincibility... and they were beaten."



Sweet victory: the moral leader of the battle, James Brady, cheers the news on Capitol Hill

It was a very different story in 1988, when a similar Brady proposal was roundly defeated in the House. But as crime statistics continued to soar, Brady and his wife Sarah—both conservative Republicans—kept up their single-minded fight. By last March, a Gallup poll showed that 87% of Americans favored a seven-day waiting period. During the same month, the Brady bill gained political momentum when Reagan, an N.R.A. lifetime member, endorsed it.

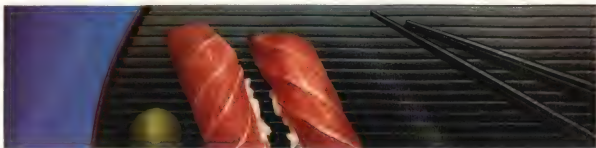
But the battle is far from over, and progun forces still stand a good chance of success in the Senate. Reason: since the gun-control debate is largely defined by geographical rather than party affiliations—the fear of inner-city crime being countered by the rural affinity for firearms—the preponderantly rural Senate may well vote against Brady. Both Senate majority leader George Mitchell of Maine and Republican leader Bob Dole of Kansas, oppose the Brady bill, partly because they hail from rural states. Lifetime N.R.A. member President Bush does not support the gun-control plan either, but has vaguely suggested that he would not veto it if it were incorporated into his omnibus anticrime package.

Whether or not the Brady bill ultimately succeeds, the momentum built by the measure has helped put the N.R.A. on the defensive. Long considered one of the country's most powerful lobbies, the progun group has been facing a steady decline in membership and revenue over the past few years. A bruising internal battle, in which hard-liner Wayne LaPierre last month replaced moderate J. Warren Cassidy as executive vice president, has left the N.R.A. with what some describe as a "siege mentality."

In response to the Brady bill, LaPierre has spearheaded a blitzkrieg of mailings, phone calls and advertisements designed to inflame N.R.A. members and intimidate foes. On the day of the House vote, the organization poured its money into full-page ads in the *Washington Post*, while the airwaves were flooded with anti-Brady spots. "The N.R.A. really overplayed their hand with the massive advertising campaign," said Representative F. James Sensenbrenner, a Wisconsin Republican. It "became a vote on whether you support the N.R.A. or not." It remains to be seen whether the gun lobby will make good on its threat to defeat opponents in future election campaigns, as it has effectively done in the past.

The Brady bill, which does not require identity checks and will not remove guns that are already in the hands of criminals, is a very limited piece of legislation. Said House Speaker Thomas S. Foley, a Washington State Democrat who did not vote on the gun-control issue last week: "I think all handgun-violence opponents overpromise their results, without exception." But Brady's approval by the House represents a significant symbolic victory for the gun-control forces and shows that legislators are responding to the public's concerns about crime. Says Houston homicide division Captain Bill Edson, one of the many top police officials around the country who favor Brady: "I can't sit out here amongst the carnage I see on the streets and not support a waiting bill. A waiting period will save a number of lives. How many, we could argue about forever."

—Reported by Jonathan Beatty/
Los Angeles and Hays Corey/Washington



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KISSED
you
ALREADY
KNOW



THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY

American Notes



Next time, he'll need permission

THE WHITE HOUSE

Clipping John's Wings

President Bush's new travel policy, announced last week by White House counsel C. Boyden Gray, bars chief of staff John Sununu from taking personal trips on government aircraft except for "immediate and compelling need." Even though he outranks Gray, Sununu must get specific, advance clearance from him for official flights.

Prompted by nearly three weeks of embarrassing revelations in the press, the ban follows a seven-day investigation by Gray into Sununu's past excursions on military planes. A number of the more than 70 such trips that Sununu has taken since April 1989 appear to have been devoted mainly to personal or political pursuits—including ski weekends in Colorado and his home state of New Hampshire. The cost to U.S. taxpayers is more than \$500,000, only a fraction of which was reimbursed by Sununu, though some trips were bankrolled by private corporate interests in apparent violation of federal ethics laws. On the day the restriction went into effect, Sununu took a military jet to deliver a commencement address at the University of South Carolina, a flight the White House deemed appropriate.

INVESTIGATIONS

Where Was Teddy?

The day of reckoning approaches for William Kennedy Smith. The 30-year-old med-school student, a nephew of Senator Ted Kennedy, surrendered to police in Palm Beach, Fla., on Saturday, to face charges that he raped a 29-year-old woman on the family estate over Easter weekend. In a nine-page affidavit that described the alleged crime in clinical detail, Palm Beach County state attorney David Bludworth filed one charge of sexual battery, a second-degree felony punishable by up to 4½ years in prison, and a misdemeanor charge of battery.

Court documents also indicate that Senator Kennedy may have whisked his nephew out of town on Easter Sunday to shield him from a police interrogation about the incident and that the Senator himself ignored requests to speak with investigators. The Kennedy camp last week indignantly denied suggestions of impropriety. But police chief J.L. Terlizzese said his men were "definitely misled" and that the department was looking into why residents in the Kennedy home had not made themselves available to detectives.



Smith faces a rape charge



Rioters make a bonfire of a Washington police car

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Culture Clash

Last week a black rookie policewoman shot and wounded a Hispanic construction worker, touching off the worst rioting Washington had seen since Martin Luther King Jr. was killed in 1968. Police say Daniel Enrique Gomez, 30, had been drinking in public and lunged at the cop with a knife. Bystanders said Gomez was handcuffed and unarmed. Enraged, Hispanics spent the next two nights burning cars, breaking windows and looting stores in a melee joined by some blacks and whites. Calm returned only after Mayor Sharon Pratt Dixon declared a curfew; by then, two people had been injured and 42 arrested.

IDEAS

Little House On the Desert

The idea was too wild—even for the Wild West. A psychologist in Nevada's state prison system wanted to build a theme park that would represent an 1880s mining camp. As Bill Mace Knapp envisioned it, the place would be old-timey, with a general store, saloon, gold mine and... oh, yes, a brothel.

Prostitution is legal in some Nevada counties, and Knapp figured he could help the state's economy by bringing it into the mainstream. His ladies of the

riot illuminates long-simmering hostilities between Washington's Latino underclass and the black power structure. Many African-American residents were shocked to learn that Hispanics have a list of grievances against them that mimic black complaints about discrimination by whites. Hispanics complain that they hold only 1% of the jobs in local government though they constitute 5% of the population. They also say they are routinely harassed by the mostly black police force.

Blacks resent Hispanics, says Edwin Lopez, a career counselor, "because we are potential competition." Some blacks, meanwhile, are struggling with the notion that a minority suffering from racism is capable of discriminating against another ethnic group.

evening would look more like Miss Kitty from *Gunslinger* than street-hardened hookers. To attract investors, he was offering sex coupons, promises of "three girls for the price of one" and "vip" cards good for a week of unlimited visits. The project was put on hold after prison officials fired him under a policy forbidding employees to hold second jobs in certain establishments. Governor Bob Miller also objected to the bordello, which would have been only 10 miles from the state capital. Said Knapp: "The fact that the Governor is opposed would make me pretty foolish to try it in this area."



Returning to normal in Basra: cars, trucks and pedestrians travel across a pontoon bridge over the Tigris River

AP/WIDE WORLD

World

IRAQ

Back to Yesterday

As Saddam emerges from seclusion, his hard-pressed countrymen conclude that terror is once again in style and their leader is here to stay

By LARA MARLOWE BAGHDAD

The steel gate in front of the stucco house in the Iraqi city of Najaf swings open and a bearded man appears, flanked by two armed policemen. "Go away—please," says the middle-aged son of Ayatullah Sayyid Abul Qasim al-Khoei, spiritual leader of the world's Shi'ite Muslims. The son trembles and speaks in whispers. Had not other journalists spoken to the Ayatullah? "Yes, and after they left the police came—and it was worse," he says. "Please go away, and don't come back. Ten of our family and dozens of my father's followers are in prison."

During the March uprising against Saddam Hussein's regime, the Ayatullah pleaded with Iraq's Shi'ites to exercise moderation. The old man, who is over 90, even traveled from Najaf to Baghdad to speak with Saddam. According to diplomats in the capital, the government prom-

ised to release six members of Khoei's family if the Ayatullah would condemn the rebellion on Iraqi television. He did so, but rather than deliver on his promise, Saddam double-crossed him, putting even more of his relatives behind bars.

Terror is back in style in Saddam Hussein's Iraq. Gone are those brief days after the war when, with Saddam looking totally vulnerable, open dissent as well as outright rebellion flared. With the unrest now almost fully suppressed, dreams of a new regime in Iraq have given way to the old hopelessness and fear. Saddam promises democracy and greater freedom of expression, but the Iraqi people expect only despotism. Asked about anti-Saddam demonstrations in March, a Baghdad taxi driver replies, "You cannot ask such questions in this country. If I talk to you, the police will come and..." The young man slices his finger across his throat.

The headmistress of a girls' school in Saddam City, a poor Shi'ite suburb of

Baghdad, is equally reticent. During the rebellion, soldiers cordoned off the neighborhood for three days and searched every house for weapons, killing 200 people in the process, according to a source close to the Iraqi army. Today all is quiet in the rubbish-strewn streets, but the memory lingers. "Go away," the headmistress entreats when asked simply to comment on daily life in Iraq. "It is dangerous for us and dangerous for the school."

Iraq's Christian minority is particularly unsettled. The community of 600,000, out of a total population of 18.8 million, was traumatized both by Saddam's calls for a holy war against the allies and by worries that the postwar insurrections would bring militant Shi'ites to power. "During the war, we were praying for the allied pilots," confesses a young Christian woman browsing at a stall selling women's clothing. The majority of her fellow believers, the woman asserts, want to leave Iraq for good if Saddam keeps his promise to lift the ban on



The results of allied bombing: two women carefully navigate a street filled with twisted metal from shops in Basra

foreign travel this week. Many Iraqis, however, believe the government will require those who venture abroad to leave behind their money and relatives, making emigration almost impossible.

Other promised liberalizations also offer little comfort to ordinary Iraqis. A new constitution that the regime says it will enact soon would grant Iraq's Kurdish minority a degree of autonomy, legalize political parties other than Saddam's Baathist organization, ban arbitrary arrests and guarantee freedom of expression and the right to hold peaceful demonstrations. An earlier amendment that would have made Saddam President for life has been scrapped. The proposed constitution, however, contains a loophole that leaves many Iraqis cynical about change: by declaring a state of emergency, the President could quickly abrogate these newfound freedoms.

Many Iraqis expect the government eventually to go through the motions of

holding elections, though no date has been set. "The sugar pill will be administered to the patient," says a Baghdad medical worker. Like many others, he does not expect the balloting to be free or fair. "It's only a month since you had tanks driving over bodies. Do you think there can be free elections? Is this possible?"

Saddam has already embarked on the campaign trail. Earlier this month, he visited three provincial capitals, Ba'quba, Ramadi and Mosul, as well as his hometown of Tikrit. At each stop, thousands of followers, mostly young people, cheered him, chanting, "Bush, Bush, listen well, we all love Saddam Hussein!" In Mosul the Iraqi President ostentatiously drew a pistol from his holster and fired several shots over the heads of the crowd. The throng went wild, and the footage was shown over and over on Iraqi television. "Tomorrow, if they were given new instructions, they would chant different slogans," says an East European diplomat who has met Saddam

many times. "My impression is that he needs these slogans. They're like a drug for him. He just persuades himself that everyone loves him."

The self-deception is not total, though. Saddam knew enough to confine his recent forays to the Baathist heartland, the mainstay of his support. It will be a long time, disenchanted Iraqis in Baghdad note, before the President will try to rally followers in the southern cities so recently devastated by his army.

Even among the supposedly faithful, Saddam detects a lack of fealty. In his recent speeches, he has alluded ominously to "those who failed to perform their duties against rioters and were unaware of the intentions and plans of the saboteurs." Translation: he was disturbed by the failure of provincial authorities—his local ears and eyes—to foresee the uprisings and to put them down promptly.

Returning to normalcy is a top priority for the regime. Every day Baghdad's three

The Political Interest

Michael Kramer

Banish the Q Word

So the U.N. is squeamish about protecting Iraq's Kurds from Saddam Hussein's vengeance. So what else is new? When has the U.N. ever risked insulting a country's leader by moving unilaterally to protect the lives and welfare of the people? Never, that's when.

"Ah, you see," explained a U.N. official last week as he gleefully paraphrased George Bush, "what goes on inside Iraq is an internal matter. Technically, under international law, the Kurds aren't refugees at all. They are displaced persons."

The lesson here is an old one: There are always enough legalisms to justify inaction. The converse, of course, is also true—and the more so in this case. For without significantly torturing their plain meaning, the existing Security Council resolutions constraining Baghdad can easily be interpreted as sanctioning the U.N. relief of the allied forces now occupying a slice of northern Iraq three times the size of Rhode Island.

newspapers report that more bridges and communications facilities have been repaired. Water and electricity are almost always available in the capital. Rationing of gasoline and kerosene was lifted last month, and food is plentiful, if expensive. Since the embargo on food exports was lifted last month, 300 truckloads of supplies from the region have been arriving daily, via Jordan; a similar number of tanker trucks carry Iraqi gasoline into Jordan.

In less mundane ways too, the capital has shaken off its wartime shock. Each weekend evening, al-Rasheed Hotel is host to 30 to 40 wedding parties, as young couples make up for time lost in the war. Saddam seems to be hoping to keep the country calm by appeasing the middle classes. "If the Iraqis have food, water and electricity, they will be satisfied," says an Arab diplomat in Baghdad. "They have been taught not to ask for power."

Still, the populace, especially outside Baghdad, faces enormous hardships. Relief officials identify the lack of potable water as the country's greatest postwar problem. Many of the bombed pumping stations have been repaired, but others need embargoed spare parts. Aluminum sulfate and chlorine, needed to purify water, are also in severely short supply. Because people are drinking from irrigation ditches and rivers, typhoid, dysentery and cholera are spreading, especially in the south, where fuel is often unavailable for boiling water.

The ranks of Iraq's unemployed are expected to be swollen by soldiers relieved of their duties. Saddam has already dissolved the million-strong "popular army," a citizens' militia, and is now expected to demobilize all but the most loyal of his professional forces. Despite the shock to the job market, such a move would be tremendously popular. "Before, all young men had to be soldiers," says a former conscript who spent seven years fighting Iran. "Now they will be free to enjoy life, to marry and have jobs. For this we are grateful to Bush."

That is scant consolation, of course, for the families of Iraq's war dead. According to British estimates, 40,000 Iraqis died in the war and an additional 100,000 were wounded. Baghdad has made no figures public, and is not expected to do so. "The final toll of the Iran-Iraq war was never announced," says a longtime Western resident of Baghdad. "Saddam Hussein will never announce that these horrific snafus cost so many lives. It's just not done." Some 64,000 prisoners of war have been repatriated from Saudi Arabia, but thousands of missing troops will never be accounted for. The relatives of the missing can still be spotted at bus stations or outside Red Cross offices, hoping against the odds to receive good news—or any news—about their loved ones.



U.S. troops in northern Iraq

cloaking the U.S. mission in self-defeating rhetoric. Stung by those who say he ended the gulf war too soon (which is arguable) and that he moved to aid the hapless Kurds too late after inciting them to overthrow Saddam (which isn't), the President is now bothered about the prospect of U.S. troops getting "bogged down" in a "further military" involvement, a "permanent presence"—a "quagmire."

Few words are as loaded as the Q word. Historically linked to Vietnam and defeat, quagmire connotes a limitless undertaking that corrodes a nation's confidence and well-being. Before the gulf war, Bush was at pains to say, "There's not going to be any long drawn-out agony of Vietnam." Why he now appears to be the last American still haunted by the Vietnam analogy is baffling. Besides the self-evident—America's Kurdish-aid mission bears little if any resemblance to anything the U.S. undertook in Vietnam—it is Bush himself who has trumpeted America's gulf triumph as having finally "kicked" the Vietnam syndrome. Perhaps the President's pique reflects nothing more than frustration: fashioning a new world order is more easily said than done, as Bush is currently discovering in his attempts to resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict.

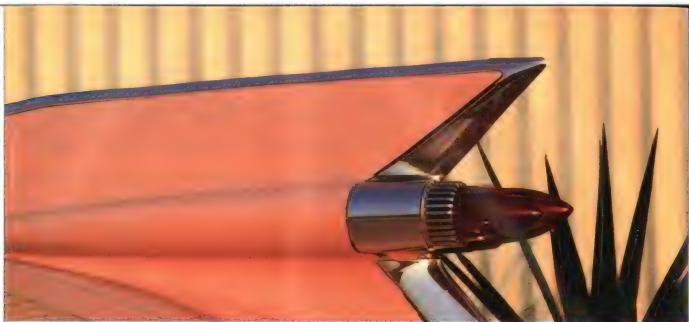
How tempting to say "The hell with it," to walk away. It is certainly past time for others to help police the periphery. If the U.N. won't play, then surely the allies should agree to remain there until the Kurds feel safe. Germany and Japan should play a role, if only a financial one. British forces, particularly, should stay behind. It was Prime Minister John Major who first drew a distinction between observing a studied neutrality as between, say, Moscow and Vilnius, and seeing to it that Saddam is prohibited from murdering millions of his own citizens.

Complaining has its uses, but Bush's anger is better directed at the U.N. than at a goblin only the President perceives. If nothing works, if in the end the U.S. must stand alone, then so be it. No matter how unfair, unilateralism is sometimes a superpower's lot.

Obviously afraid that just such a reading might stick, Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, the U.N. Secretary-General, has played a neat card: he asked Saddam for permission to police a part of his country. That Pérez de Cuéllar received the disastrous and predictable answer to a question he should never have asked testifies either to the U.N.'s underlying unwillingness to do what is right, or to Pérez de Cuéllar's fecklessness.

In any event, George Bush has made the humanitarian task more difficult by

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD



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world was swallowing us."



■ Survivors of the devastating cyclone sit in a serpentine line waiting for their handouts of food. Their lives lie mainly in the hands of others.

■ A ghastly strip of human and animal corpses still hugs the coastline days after the storm, which claimed at least 125,000 lives.

■ Among the desolate faces is one of an orphaned girl, who waits for evacuation to the mainland from an offshore island.



■ Survivors salvage what they can of their belongings from the waterlogged landscape

■ Food rations are meager in many places, and supplies sometimes run out before the last in-line collect portions.

■ Their faces studies of desperation, villagers reach toward a helicopter bringing in aid.



PETER LINCOLN: 2 COURTESY OF PHOTOGRAPHY FOR PEOPLE

"How can I dig and shovel earth without food in my belly?"

By ANITA PRATAP UJANTIA

This is the tale of one town. When dawn breaks in Ujantia, it is not chirping birds or crowing cocks that herald the new day but the wailing of hungry babies. Rarely do desperate parents have anything to silence the cries. Says Sultana Razia, rocking her infant girl: "I have only water to feed my child." The howling dies down, more often than not, when the babies simply fall mute from exhaustion.

It has been two weeks since a cyclone smashed into Ujantia, situated on a small island five miles off the Bangladesh coast in the Bay of Bengal, but the misery of the town has yet to recede. The storm, which claimed at least 125,000 lives nationwide, killed about 3,000 of Ujantia's 15,000 people. The trees, what few remain, were

stripped of leaves and fruit. The homes, if not completely washed away, were whittled to bamboo skeletons. A four-hour boat ride from Cox's Bazar, the nearest mainland city, Ujantia has received only a pittance of relief supplies. Food is in such meager quantities that the village can scarcely find the strength to begin to build again.

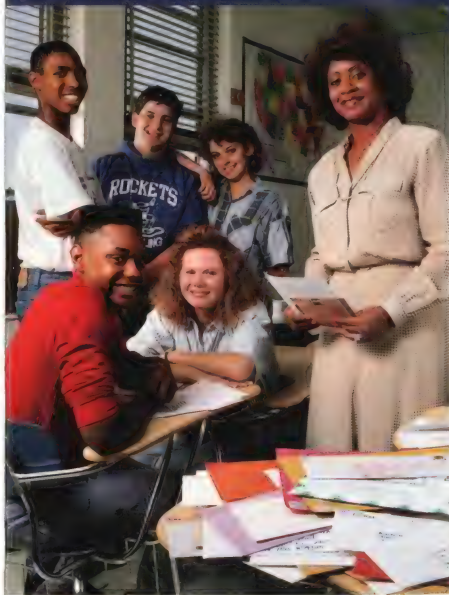
Before the tempest struck, Delwara Begum and her family went to bed untroubled by the roaring winds, even though the monsoon season was approaching. Delwara was too poor to own a radio and did not know that the government had announced a signal-9 storm—the second most severe warning—earlier in the day. As the 20-ft. tidal waves destroyed her house, Delwara clutched her six-year-old daughter, clung to a bamboo beam, and was washed up battered but

alive seven miles away; her husband and five other children perished.

Today Delwara and her daughter sit at Ujantia's cyclone shelter, a concrete rectangle on 10-ft. stilts that can house to 2,000 people. On the night of the storm, 7,000 villagers crowded the shelter, now 389 families call it home. They huddle within its chipped and dirt-stained walls, lucky few clutching their possessions: scraps of clothing, a blackened pot or a lamp.

In a building next door, relief workers distribute rations. Each day's handout brings a stampede as the villagers jostle one another to be next in line. So far, re-packets have been dropped on Ujantia twice from the air, but the efforts ended in disaster. Most of the items fell into the water; villagers snatched up those that landed intact before relief workers could distribute

Mrs. Wiggins' Teaching Methods Are First Class.



Sarah Wiggins employs a variety of innovative teaching approaches in her English classes, but none more interesting or unusual than "The Great Mail Race."

Sarah created the program for her ninth and tenth grade students at Person Senior High School in Roxboro, North Carolina. The students write letters to randomly selected English classes in different states, sharing interesting information about themselves and the school they attend. The first students to receive a reply from their adoptive pen pals are awarded prizes.

In the process, the students improve their writing skills and discover how the written word has the power to touch other lives and open up new worlds of experience.

But Sarah has goals for the project far beyond her own classroom.

"We send guidelines for the program with each letter, encouraging these schools to start their own 'Great Mail Race' and spread the program to other states," explains Sarah. "Our goal is to create a 'nation of writers.'"

An admirable undertaking, indeed. And one that deserves recognition. We at State Farm are proud to honor Sarah with our Good Neighbor Award; we're also delighted to contribute \$5,000 to the educational organization of her choice.

Sarah Wiggins. When it comes to being a good neighbor, she really delivers.



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■ The youngest are especially vulnerable to disease, with many suffering from diarrhea.

■ The body of an elderly woman, who died of injuries she received during the storm, is prepared for cremation.

■ A small boy finds his own diversion amid the disheveled remains of his family's home.



"Poverty makes me blind. Where can I go? What will I do?"

ute them fairly. Last week fresh supplies arrived by boat. Still, allowing just 9 oz. of rice and a packet of crackers for each person, the supplies are enough for only half the families. "I am going mad," says Jasi-muddin Chowdhury, the local Red Crescent representative.

Drinking water is an even bigger problem than food. The closest source of potable water, a well, is two miles away. Ujantia never had any vehicles, not even bicycles, so the only way to get to the well is to walk there, and that can take two hours. Relief workers are providing single women and babies with water, but have told those families with male members to fetch it themselves. Contaminated water has already sickened more than 300 children with diarrhea. A Red Crescent doctor treated the youngsters for three days. Then he ran out of medicine and left.

Some of the townspeople are beginning to build makeshift homes out of shreds. Mohammad Sharif, a farmworker, managed to find enough of the pieces of his old hut to build a two-story shack for his nine-member family. Its two decks are just cubicles really, 4 ft. by 7 ft., with 4-ft. ceilings. There is no door, so when the rains blow in at night, the family is soaked.

At this time of year, the villagers would usually be busy cultivating the land, but their fields are flooded with salt water. The 10-ft. mud wall that normally keeps out the sea was washed away in the storm. Until the dike is rebuilt, the tides will bring more salinity to the soil, eventually making it unfit for farming and threatening Ujantia's existence.

The villagers know this but are waiting

for the government to start its food-for-work program, in which the state will reward the workers with rice for rebuilding the embankment. Why not go ahead on their own?

"Right now," says Shamsuddin, a young farmer, "it is an effort for me even to talk to you. How can I dig and shovel earth without food in my belly?"

The government, however, is overwhelmed just trying to deliver food and medicine to stave off death and disease. It also has to worry about reports of another cyclone building up in the Bay of Bengal. Reconstruction efforts are a lesser priority, a fact that has upset Ujantia's elders. "If we don't plant soon," says Abdur Rahman, a small landowner, "we will have no crop next season. There will be only starvation." The screams of the babies at dawn are destined to grow louder.

POLAND

Power to The Pulpit

The Roman Catholic Church has become omnipresent, critics say

By JAMES L. GRAFF WARSAW

Abulwark against despair, a sanctuary of freedom, a subversive counterforce—during a decade of struggle against communist control, the Roman Catholic Church in Poland was all that and more, depending on the viewpoint. Its representatives stood courageously alongside the Solidarity trade union and suffered the consequences, when Father Jerzy Popieluszko, an activist priest, was murdered by government security agents in 1984. When the struggle ended in 1989 with a Solidarity-led government, the church emerged triumphant, solidly allied with an administration it had all but installed.

A year later, the church, to which 97% of Poland's 38 million people belong, is omnipresent and, in the view of some, virtually omnipotent. Bishops and priests bless the armed forces, schools and factories. The newly created post of superior chaplain to the army has been given the rank of general. To mark the 20th anniversary of the country's first liberal constitution earlier this month, President Lech Walesa, a devout Catholic, skipped ceremonies at parliament and instead visited the national shrine of the Black Madonna at Jasna Gora.

Beyond such symbolic gestures, the church is exercising direct political influence in an often fractious country that has just begun to build democracy. Last August, after lobbying by church officials, the government introduced optional religious instruction in schools by administrative fiat rather than parliamentary vote. A poll released last week shows that the church is perceived as the single most powerful national institution, stronger than the government, the presidency, the military, the old communist *nomenklatura* and even Solidarity. The church's ascendancy has left many Poles uneasily wondering whether their country might someday be transformed into a clerical state, ruling in accordance with the dicta of Pope John Paul II (who makes his fourth papal visit to his native country next month).

Recent statements by the Polish Episcopate have fueled apprehension. In late April the bishops urged that the new constitution exclude any provision for the sep-



Father Andrzejczyk conducts religion class: bishops urge no church-state separation

aration of church and state. Instead, they suggested, "exceptional emphasis should be laid on the need for cooperation between the state and the Catholic Church."

The church's gravest concerns—and most assiduous efforts—center on abortion, a volatile issue in a country where as many as 600,000 such procedures are performed each year. A liberal abortion law, which has been on the books since 1956, is still in effect, but the Senate has passed a bill that would impose a prison term of as much as two years on anyone performing the procedure unless the pregnancy threatened the mother's life or stemmed from rape or incest. Several variants on that bill, many of them even stiffer, are being considered by the Sejm, the lower house, which is due to vote this week on whether to submit the question to a national referendum. Earlier this month, the bishops' conference condemned that option. Meanwhile, the government has ended subsidies for birth-control pills. That move, which many suspect was church inspired, will triple the price of pills, putting them beyond the reach of many women.

The church's stance on abortion has hardly endeared it to the 59% of the population that favors legalized abortion with or without limitations. Even some churchmen are uneasy. Says Father Roman Andrzejczyk, a parish priest in the Zoliborz district of Warsaw: "The church's role is to deepen morality, not to dictate it."

The church's power stems less from mass popularity or direct intervention than from its pervasive influence on politicians. It vetted Solidarity's candidates in the parliamentary election of June 4, 1989, and their landslide victory was helped by unbridled electioneering from the country's pul-

pits. With Poland gearing up for new balloting later this year, notes Stanislaw Podemski, a commentator on legal issues for the weekly *Polityka*, "parliamentary Deputies won't speak openly against church positions for fear of being vilified as atheists by priests in their electoral districts."

Politicians who think serving the church is the best way to further their careers might in fact be miscalculating. There are indications that public opposition is growing to the church's sometimes bumbling attempts to meddle in political issues. An April poll showed that public trust in the church had dropped to 69% from 78% in December. "The abortion issue and the fight over religion in the schools have had a negative effect on the future of the Catholic Church in Poland," says Zofia Kuratowska, a physician and deputy speaker of the Senate. "People don't want that kind of influence on their private lives."

Some analysts say anticlericalism, which is deeply rooted, is gradually becoming an effective political issue again. "The church was a moral force under communism, but after 1989 some people began using their allegiance to it as a political tactic," says Bronislaw Geremek, the parliamentary leader of the centrist Democratic Union and a longtime Solidarity activist. "We're seeing a reaction to that now, and, step by step, we're returning to a healthy situation." As democratic institutions gain in stature and experience, the church is likely to be squeezed out of the political realm. But with the country still lurching through political and economic tribulations, the pulpit will remain a potent political force—as well as, for many, a bulwark against despair.

World Notes



Yeltsin: seeking a dignified solution to the miners' strike in Siberia

SOVIET UNION

Back into The Pits

When coal miners in Siberia's Kuzbass region walked off the job in early March, they vowed not to return until Soviet Presi-

dent Mikhail Gorbachev had resigned. Last week, with Gorbachev still in office, the miners ended their strike, but only after he ceded Kremlin control of the coalpits to the Russian republic.

The deal, seen by some Soviet observers as the beginning of the end of central control over

major industries, stemmed from a pact signed three weeks ago by Gorbachev and his sometime rival, Boris Yeltsin, head of the Russian republic. Criticized by miners and fellow reformers for his accommodation with Gorbachev, Yeltsin spent three days in Siberia lobbying for a "dignified solution" to the strikes. Yeltsin vowed to turn ownership of the mines over to workers as soon as possible and to allow the mines to keep 80% of their hard-currency earnings.

But Yeltsin's victory could backfire. By winning control over Russia's coal mines, Yeltsin inherits an industry steeped in debt and badly in need of modernization. And the miners voted to suspend their strike for only two months. Last Yeltsin prove no better than Gorbachev at settling grievances. ■

MIDDLE EAST

Nosing into The Peace Tent

Weeks of invisible diplomacy and quiet arm twisting by the U.S. have produced the first significant step toward an Arab-Israeli peace conference. Flying to the region on Saturday for his fourth round of talks in two months, Secretary of State James Baker said Saudi

Arabia and its five allies in the Gulf Cooperation Council will send an observer to the conference if it is held. They will also participate in regional working groups on problems like arms control and water resources.

Saudi Arabia and its neighbors—Bahrain, Kuwait, Oman, Qatar and the United Arab Emirates—are the first Arab states after Egypt to agree to sit down and talk formally with Israel. That alone, says Baker,

"will break at least one major taboo." A Saudi official in Washington agrees: "The camel's nose is in the tent."

But first the tent must go up. Baker moves on this week from Damascus to Cairo, Amman and Jerusalem to keep pushing at the obstacles that still block the peace conference. If he makes no progress, said a senior official, "I think we ought to stop flying around and decide what we do next." ■

SOUTH KOREA

Flames of Protest

Spring brings South Korean students into the streets as surely as it brings blossoms to the trees. But this year's rallies have turned into a virtual siege against the centrist coalition government of President Roh Tae Woo.

Last week, after five protesters immolated themselves, the authorities began investigating whether an "underground organization" was behind the burnings. Sogang University president Park Hong, who was tortured and jailed under previous administrations, fears that professional agitators intent on ousting

the government may be persuading young people to kill themselves. "They're using dead bodies for political reasons," he says, "and that's stupid and wrong." Yet many college students insist that suicide

is an acceptable method of dissent. "Most of us have thought of doing it," says a Korea University student who describes himself as a moderate. "It's the only way to get this administration to resign." ■



Students clash with riot police in Seoul: a government under siege

DIPLOMACY

From Defender To Defector

In the months leading up to the Gulf war, Iraqi Ambassador Mohammed al-Mashat was Saddam Hussein's No. 1 apologist in the U.S. He appeared often on American TV, touting Baghdad's line while parrying questions from Ted Koppel and John McLaughlin. Then he vanished. Recalled to Baghdad shortly before the fighting began in mid-January, Mashat stopped first in Vienna, supposedly to seek medical treatment for his wife, and was not heard from again.



Mashat with the ex-boss's pic

Until last week, that is, when authorities in Ottawa disclosed that on March 30 Mashat had arrived in Canada, where he was granted permanent residence as a financially independent retiree. As it turned out, according to British diplomats, Mashat differed privately with Saddam over the Gulf crisis and thus never went back to Baghdad. Though he is not technically a political refugee, Mashat's case was expedited because he feared for his safety should he return to Iraq.

The ambassador's welcome in Canada, however, has not been wholehearted. Immigration Minister Bernard Valcourt said he was "furious" that bureaucrats had decided to accept Saddam's ex-defender without consulting government ministers. Complained Svend Robinson of the opposition New Democratic Party: "This makes us look like a dumping ground." ■

The Humbling of a Computer Colossus

Under siege at every rampart of its empire as it fends off competitors, IBM is still fearsome—but it looks a bit less than invincible

By THOMAS MCCARROLL

Fighting back is a decidedly unac-customized role for IBM. Other companies have to do it all the time, of course, but the Colossus of Armonk (N.Y.) is different. Overwhelmingly dominant in its industry for decades, IBM is used to swatting aside small rivals—and they're all small by comparison—with a brush of its hand. Now things have changed.

Last week was worse than most. With AT&T acquiring the computer maker NCR (for \$7.4 billion), what had been little more than a bothersome competitor was suddenly part of a company as big as IBM. A new survey of customer satisfaction among business users of personal computers showed IBM out of the running, somewhere below 10th place and below average, its exact ranking not disclosed by the pollsters. Its stock is skidding along near a nine-month low. And at week's end, to underscore that the company is going through one of its toughest times in memory, it informed more than 10,000 employees that they would be taking a week's unpaid vacation in early July. Big Blue remains fearsomely strong (1990 revenues:

"While we'd like to believe economic recovery is just around the corner, we have seen no evidence yet to indicate any improvement."

**--John Akers
IBM Chairman and CEO**



\$69 billion), but the days of Pax IBM may be over.

How could it happen? After all, the millions of Americans who have bought IBM stock or joined the company as employees were betting on a leviathan, a creature so big it couldn't be threatened. The answer is that while no killer shark is out there attacking this whale, thousands of relentless harriada are taking bites out of it. Once the pre-eminent force in closet-size mainframe computers, IBM has watched its share of the world market dwindle from nearly 80% to 69%, as rivals like Japan's Fujitsu and Germany's Siemens score large gains with more powerful and less expensive machines. Its once commanding lead in personal computers has shriveled from 46% to 23%. Big Blue has stumbled so badly in such markets as home computers, portables and telecommunications that security analysts have started to doubt the company's high-tech superiority.

IBM has even lost favor with investors, who are still reeling from the company's first quarterly loss ever. True, the figure was mainly an accounting phenomenon, but its cause was far from heartening: The company was taking a \$2.3 billion charge for the full estimated costs of paying 10,000 employees to quit voluntarily in the coming year. At its annual meeting last month, chairman John Akers told stockholders to brace for more bad news: "While we'd like to believe economic recovery is just around the corner, we have seen no evidence yet to indicate any improvement, and consequently the year remains uncertain."

The IBM empire is striking back. In a marketing effort unparalleled in its 80-year history, the company launched an all-out offensive to retain current markets and recapture lost turf. The past 11 months have brought virtually nonstop announcements of new products, including a laptop computer, a home computer and a line of mid-range computers costing an average of \$500,000.

The company has also kicked off a \$40 million campaign to rescue a struggling software system and beefed up its sagging mainframe business by signing an unprecedented deal with Tokyo's Mitsubishi Electric, marking the first time that IBM will sell its large computers under another company's label. Last week IBM upped the ante in a price war over workstations, number-crunching desktop computers used by scientists and engineers, by slashing prices as much as 60%. Analysts expect the company to make a similar move in personal computers next month.

Cutting prices usually means cutting costs, and in a six-year war on expenses IBM

has reduced them by \$1.8 billion so far. Advertising spending is down 10%, to \$90 million this year. Known as a generous employer, IBM has scaled back benefits and perks.

Despite its famous no-layoff policy, IBM since 1986 has reduced its work force by 47,000 employees (10%) through attrition, early retirement and the sale of its typewriter and printer business. Even after this year's 10,000 are gone, say many security analysts, the company will still have 363,800 people on its payroll and will remain too fat to respond quickly to smaller rivals. Ulric Weil, a Washington consultant, says the company is likely to continue tolerating that disadvantage: "IBM doesn't have the stomach to make the cuts necessary to make the organization leaner and meaner."

Maybe not, but IBM has in many ways reshaped its corporate culture to fit the

IBM quietly changed the policy about a year ago, after losing considerable business with FORTUNE 500 companies to outfits like Digital Equipment, AT&T and General Motors' Electronic Data Systems, all of which link machines of different makes and models.

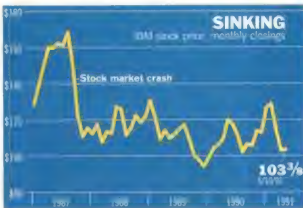
But the greatest challenge facing IBM is apparent in a pair of simple facts: the technology in which it leads the world, mainframes, is fading in importance, while the technology in which it is falling back, personal computers, is exploding. Mainframe sales have slowed dramatically in recent years, as Big Business customers have increasingly shifted data processing to less expensive but powerful workstations and PCs. That is especially painful to IBM and other manufacturers like Unisys and NCR because profit margins on desktop systems

are as thin as a silicon wafer compared with those offered by mainframes.

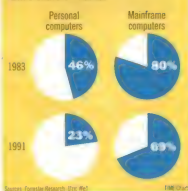
While IBM is a force in workstations—it sold \$1 billion worth last year—the company has resisted pushing them as a low-cost solution for fear of cannibalizing its bread-and-butter mainframe business, which accounts for 60% of sales. "Downsizing poses a worldwide threat to IBM," says Rick Martin, an investment analyst at Prudential Securities. Although IBM is expected to maintain its leadership in the market, the strategic importance of large systems will continue to diminish.

Which leaves PCs, IBM's most important and competitive business after mainframes. Personal computers accounted for 5% of IBM's total revenues in 1985, 20% last year, and they should reach 40% by 2000. Yet because the market is growing so much faster the company's influence is shrinking. IBM is using every weapon in its well-stocked arsenal to restore its lost supremacy. In March it introduced a state-of-the-art laptop computer (price: \$3,800). Trouble was, the machine was a very tardy entrant in computing's fastest-growing segment. James Cannavino, head of IBM's personal-computer division, concedes that lack of a laptop was a major reason for the company's 17% drop in hardware sales in the first quarter. Says he: "We couldn't catch the demand because we didn't have a horse in the race."

When IBM entered the market in 1981 with much fanfare and a \$2,600 machine called the PC, the personal computer was still struggling for legitimacy. Arcane operating commands made IBM's bulky box difficult to use, but because the company could open doors in the all-important FORTUNE 500 market, the PC and its operating software became a technological stan-



SHRINKING IBM's share of market



times. Gone is the imperious overlord that dictated to customers. Today the company is more user-friendly, with three fewer layers of bureaucracy so that managers can get "closer to the ground," as they like to say, and with 65,000 corporate personnel reassigned to sales and marketing positions. IBM has also dropped its hands-off policy on competing hardware. In the past, the company refused to help customers in install or repair equipment (such as computers and printers) made by competitors.

dard. An entire industry grew up around the machine, supplying everything from add-on memory boards to printers to game programs. IBM sold 15 million PCs, capturing more than 45% of the market at its peak in 1983. But low-cost copycats, such as Tandy and Leading Edge, and more innovative machines, such as Compaq's (which are IBM-compatible) and Apple's (which aren't), soon began to chip away at Big Blue's overwhelming share.

IBM fought back with a new line of computers, called Personal System/2, and new control software, called Operating System/2. The system is commanded by graphics rather than text and is easier to use. But because it is not completely compatible with the old PC, customers have been slow to accept it.

Their underwhelming response has left the industry without a standard-bearer. As a result, analysts see the market splitting into several competing camps: IBM, Apple and loose federations of smaller manufacturers. Is that good or bad? One school of thought holds that fragmentation could hurt everyone by blocking innovation and growth as manufacturers worry about choosing the winning camp (and covering their bets) instead of advancing an agreed-upon technology. "The market is up for grabs," says Cannavino, who believes buyers and sellers are begging for leadership. "The industry wants to be led out of the confusion. It would be happy for someone to point the direction." That beacon, Cannavino insists, will be IBM.

Others refuse to worry about IBM's decline from dominance, at least in PCs. IBM's basic standard has already been so widely adopted, says Compaq president Joseph ("Rod") Canion, that "it's not IBM's standard—it's the industry's standard." The remaining question is how it should be applied, and Canion favors letting a thousand start-ups bloom to create myriad programs that would all work in IBM-compatible machines, if not necessarily with one another. "Customers want freedom of choice," he says, "and don't want any one company to dominate the standard again."

Utter dominion over an industry, which IBM enjoyed from the 1960s to the 1980s, rarely lasts so long. Now that it is waning, perhaps the company should be congratulated for maintaining its role as long as it did rather than criticized for letting it finally diminish. And before anyone organizes a benefit dinner, remember that IBM was America's most profitable industrial company last year, earning more than \$6 billion. Its profit will likely decline this year, but the company remains huge, powerful and full of talent. In the realm of computers, it is not what it was. But underestimating Big Blue always proved a mistake in years past and probably still would be. ■

The Next 800-Lb. Gorilla

Who is the most powerful person in the computer industry? Arguably it is the frail, bespectacled, boyish figure shown below, the essential computer nerd, William Gates, 35. His Microsoft Corp., which he co-founded two years after dropping out of Harvard, is to computer software what IBM is to hardware—and now the two companies, formerly partners, are contenders in one of the industry's most important battles.

Like IBM, Microsoft dwarfs its competitors. With \$1.5 billion in sales and a market value of \$12 billion, it is eight times larger than its nearest rival, Lotus Development. Gates is the world's youngest self-made billionaire, with 42 million shares of Microsoft stock worth about \$4.3 billion. The company didn't get so big so fast all alone: its close tie to Big Blue propelled it to the top. A decade ago, the two companies teamed up to develop the IBM PC, with Microsoft contributing the disk operating system, or DOS. After the PC started to lose steam, the two joined to introduce a new system based on IBM's Personal System 2 machines and Microsoft's Operating System 2 software.

But PS/2 and OS/2 have failed to catch on, mainly because of glitches and constant delays. As a result, the duo that created the industry's hottest product of the

1980s is parting ways. IBM is developing its upgrade of OS/2, while Microsoft is making a separate version, setting up a competition for dominance in desktop computers, the most important segment of an important industry. "It's an interesting sideshow," says Gates. "But it will be the marketplace that decides the winner."

The industry has a considerable stake in this sideshow. OS/2 was supposed to be a new standard, but its weak showing so far has left the field open. AT&T, for instance, is pushing its Unix operating system, and Apple Computer is promoting a program of its own. This week Apple will introduce an advanced version of the Macintosh operating system.



Gates: the software industry's heavyweight

IBM may win the race—it expects to introduce its new OS/2 by year-end—but that doesn't mean it will prevail. Microsoft is attracting a dedicated following to its successful Windows software, which lets users juggle a variety of programs at once. While Windows is not as muscular as OS/2, Gates sees it as a bridge leading customers from DOS to OS/2 in a smooth transition. He thinks that is important: "Switching overnight to OS/2 is too great a leap," he says.

Microsoft's battle with IBM is far from Gates's only concern. Prompted by his competitors, the Federal Trade Commission is looking into possible Microsoft violations of antitrust laws. At issue is whether the company's role as supplier of both operating systems (the basic programs that make a computer work) and applications software (the programs that do word processing, calculating and other jobs) gives it an unfair advantage. More than 80% of all personal computers use the company's DOS, while an additional 3% use OS/2. One rival, Go Corp., charges that Microsoft swiped its idea for a software system that operates computers through a stylus capable of writing on the screen rather than through a keyboard. Microsoft (along with Hewlett-Packard) is also the target of a suit filed by Apple charging the company with illegally copying the "look and feel" of its Macintosh graphics software.

Industry observers are not surprised by the shots fired at Microsoft: they expect more. Says Jonathan Yarmis, an analyst at the Gartner Group: "There's a Microsoft backlash out there." Such are the hazards of being awesomely big and powerful. Just ask IBM. The feds sued it years ago in an antitrust case that dragged on for 13 years before it was finally dropped. That's one rite of passage Microsoft would just as soon avoid.

—By Thomas McCarroll



What Do We Do Now?

Facing a dismal job market, the class of '91 tries interview rehearsals, internships, even—yikes!—living at home

By SOPHFRONIA SCOTT

They're supposed to have the world at their feet, America's new college graduates. With shining faces, well-polished phrases and crisply pressed suits, they go in search of that first job and, at least in the past several years, have usually clinched it in short order. But not this time. The math is cruel and inescapable: About 1.4 million people will graduate from college and graduate schools this year, and the U.S. has lost 2 million jobs in the recession.

U.S. companies are feeling the pinch of hard times and are cutting down on campus recruiting. A Michigan State University survey on recruiting trends recently reported that job openings for college graduates have dipped 10% in the 1990-91 academic year after dropping 13% the year before, adding up to the largest decline since the 1982-83 school year. Result: a flood of rejection letters. "You never think about what you'll do after college, and then we find there are no jobs for us," says Virginia Kwong, a senior at the University of California at Irvine. "Everyone is going through interview after interview."

Not without practice. "Students can read the headlines, and they know it's a tough market," says Bob Thirk, director of the University of Washington's placement center. Since competing in that market requires far more than the perfect résumé, schools now offer workshops and seminars on job-search skills, including videotaped mock interviews. Students are flocking to the guidance sessions, but it's hard to find a job that isn't there. The University of Chicago Graduate Business School lets students bid for interviews through a computer, but according to William Mankivsky, 26, the screen has little to

offer. Says he: "Every time we'd go to sign on, it would flash that another company had canceled some or all of its interviews due to restructuring or cutbacks."

The field isn't much better for law school grads. Third-year students at Harvard Law received a memo last October alerting them to the dry prospects. "They're getting two or three offers rather than the usual dozen," says Sarah Wald, dean of students. "We're telling them to decide quickly [on a job] and sit out the market for a few years." One student received a rejection letter that read simply: "You have an outstanding record—and I can do nothing more than congratulate you on it."

Even those with offers are being surprised. This month Webster & Sheffield, a prestigious New York corporate law firm, notified students whom it had already hired that the jobs were not available after all. Another corporate firm, Jackson & Walker of Dallas, received more acceptances than it expected and tried to entice hires to wait a year before coming to work by offering them \$21,000 to do so.

Experts such as L. Patrick Scheetz, Michigan State's assistant director of career development, believe this crop of graduates should find jobs in six months to a year as the recession cools. Students who have already been on the hunt for months are beginning to lower their expectations. "I don't know anyone entering career positions," says Todd McGowan, 21, a Southwest Missouri State graduate. Young job seekers are silently settling for low- or no-pay internships just to get a foot in the

door, becoming cheap labor for companies that can't or won't hire regular staff.

Some grads target a territory. Atlanta, home of the 1996 Olympics, has become known as Hotlanta in younger circles. "If I had talked about how great Atlanta was two years ago, people would have laughed at me," says Beth Reimels, 21, a graduating senior at Boston University who will head there in September even though she has no job. "Now everyone is excited about Hotlanta." Silicon Valley is still looking for engineers, and the Northwest probably has the healthiest economy of any U.S. region.

Other grads, resigned to earning little or nothing for a while, are heading for graduate school or such programs as the Peace Corps and Teach for America, where they can at least do meaningful work. The Peace Corps has received \$1,500 inquiries so far this year, 7,000 more than last year, and Teach for America applications have risen from 2,500 to 3,100.

Then there's the last-ditch option: going back home to Mom and Dad. This generation hasn't been afraid to do so—census reports show 75% of males 18 to 24 years old still live at home. But people mostly want to be on their own around that age. "All year long I swore that whatever I did, I wouldn't be living at home," says Natasha Pustilnik, 21, a Vassar College senior. Guess where she'll be this summer. "It's enormously disappointing," says the jobless Russian major.

No one thinks the Class of '91 faces long-term job troubles. Their plight is purely a result of recession, and they should easily survive a few months waiting tables or typing memos until other employers start hiring again. Still, as they fling their commencement caps skyward, the graduates will surely be silently urging the economy to follow as fast as possible.

—Reported by Reported by Deborah Edler Brown/Los Angeles and David M. Gross/Boston

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Business Notes



Waste Management is betting it will clean up in Kuwait

SELLING

You Pay Nothing Now!

With the Kuwaiti government still disorganized and short of cash, the anticipated bonanza in postwar recovery contracts for U.S. firms has proved something of a mirage. But one enterprising U.S. company has shown how to get business anyway: Don't wait for the contract—just start working.

Waste Management, a firm in Oak Brook, Ill., with revenues last year of \$6 billion, beat a number of international rivals to take on Kuwait's dirty work

by simply sending in its own army of 100 sanitation workers within days of the war's end. "We just wanted to get started," says the company's Kuwait manager, Nick Harbert. "If they wanted to pay us, fine. If they wanted us to leave, that was fine too."

The Kuwaitis have accepted Waste Management's \$500,000 bill, and this month awarded the company one of the country's heftiest contracts so far: \$12 million to provide all basic sanitation services in Kuwait City for a year. Waste Management sees even greater potential in areas such as environmental reclamation and oil spills.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Peters Principle

Jon Peters' way with a checkbook is no less legendary in Hollywood than are his films (*Batman*, *Rain Man*). Two years ago, when Columbia's new owner, Sony, hired Peters and partner Peter Guber to head the studio, the pair's deliriously lucrative deal (\$200 million for their production company alone) set a Hollywood record. Soon the partners were spending money as fast as the Treasury could print it: \$40 million



Jon gone

for Warren Beatty's *Bugsy*, \$50 million for Steven Spielberg's *Hook*.

Peters, 44, also became known for such extravaganzas as spending \$80,000 on a colleague's surprise party and delivering flowers to his girlfriend—by jet.

So that weird whistling sound heard throughout Hollywood last week may have been the collective sigh of relief from Columbia's bookkeepers upon learning that Peters is stepping down. Said to be dissatisfied with his deskbound duties, the former hairdresser is launching an independent company that will produce projects exclusively for Sony. What they will cost remains to be seen.

LITIGATION

Betty Shapiro: Giant Killer

Betty Shapiro, 74, is an outgoing widow with four grandchildren, three daughters and a former stockbroker named Doris Edelman whom she considered her "fourth daughter." But a three-member panel from the American Arbitration Association has concluded that Betty Shapiro's fourth daughter took Mom to the cleaners. Edelman bought and sold millions of dollars of mutual funds on Shapiro's account, generating some

\$200,000 in sales charges and commissions. The panel's judgment: Edelman's employer, Prudential-Bache Securities, must pay \$1 million in punitive fees and \$546,769 in compensation to Shapiro.

The company (now called Prudential Securities) vows to appeal, terming the decision "erroneous." Shapiro's complaint is but one of a host facing Prudential, as irked investors seem more ready than ever to confront the securities industry. From 1988 to 1990, the American Arbitration Association intervened in 1,316 such cases.

PRODUCT FAILURES

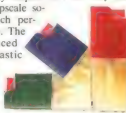
Scents and Sensibility

Peddling perfume at gas stations? The idea seems as silly as selling caviar at Burger King. Yet for four foolish years, France's Société Bic, maker of disposable pens, razors and cigarette lighters, sought to extend its throwaway empire to the epitome of upscale sophistication: French perfume and cologne. The company introduced low-budget plastic atomizers for men and women at newsstands, hair salons and gas stations across Europe and the U.S.

Multimillion-dollar ad campaigns touted Bic fragrances as "the naked perfume" and "Paris in your pocket."

The outcome was merely a big stink: losses that approached \$25 million by the end of 1990. Now Bic will officially pull the plug on its perfume line at the stockholders' meeting later this month. Bad reviews were only part of the problem. Bic may have ultimately been

undone by the simple but deadly logic of snob appeal—namely, it is not luxury that makes things expensive, but expense that makes things luxurious.



And no cents at all for Bic

FINANCE

Heyman's Heyday

It's moments like this that put the high in high finance. Last week GAF announced that it was offering up to 20 million shares in its major subsidiary, International Specialty Products. The deal is as profitable as anything ever concocted in the Wayne, N.J., chemical maker's laboratories—particularly for chairman Samuel Heyman. The stock he would control could now be worth at least a wallet-fattening \$900 million—more than 20 times what he paid to take GAF private in 1989.

Thus begins the latest chapter in the tangled history of GAF. Seized by the U.S. government in 1942 for its links to Nazi Germany's I.G. Farben, infamous inventor of the poison gas used in Hitler's concentration camps, the company was owned by the feds for the next two decades. During the early 1980s, GAF fought a bitter two-year battle in boardrooms, courtrooms and newspaper ads against Heyman's ultimately victorious takeover effort. Since then, in the words of one analyst, "Heyman made a lot of money, and he made a lot of people a lot of money."



CEO Sam

The Revolution That Fizzled

Computers have not lived up to their promise to transform America's struggling schools, but it's not too late to redeem the failure

By PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT

The tiny Belridge school district in McKittrick, Calif., seemed to have everything going for it. Classes were small, parent involvement was high, and equipment was state of the art. The school boasted its own low-powered television station (students broadcast a twice-weekly news show), and it was the only district in the state to provide every student with two Apple IIgs computers, one for school and one for home. Its innovative education program, which reshaped the curriculum to make use of computers in all subject areas, was featured on national TV and in Apple's promotional literature.

Then the annual standardized-test scores came in. The parents of McKittrick learned to their dismay that the entire first-grade class—along with more than a third of the 64-member student body—had scored below their grade level for both reading and math. "My child was more than a year behind," complained Kathy Bledsoe, one of a group of angry parents who picketed the school board carrying placards that read **CAN YOU READ THIS? MY CHILD CAN'T**. School officials argued that students had scored even worse in previous years. But by the time school reopened last fall, the Belridge superintendent, the teacher who coordinated the computer project and three other teachers had retired or quit.

The Belridge school is an extreme case of what might be called computer failure, but it is not unique. More than a decade has passed since microcomputers began appearing in large numbers in U.S. schools, accompanied by heady predictions that the new technology would soon transform education just as society had been transformed by the automobile. But the problems that beset the U.S. school system 10 years ago—rising illiteracy, declining math skills, dwindling comprehension—still bedevil it today. There is a growing sense among educators and parents that as an educational cure-all, the computer has fizzled.

Now that America has patted itself on the back for its high-tech prowess in the Persian Gulf, the country faces an even more



WHAT WORKS: At St. Paul's experimental Saturn School, computers are adjuncts to student-run projects. The teacher acts as a facilitator, and the learning is interactive.

daunting technological challenge back home: how to make educational electronics achieve its potential. Today 2.7 million computers have been installed in the nation's 100,000 schools—roughly 1 for every 16 students—along with an avalanche of disk drives, modems, laser printers and videodisk players. Estimated cost: \$4 billion

a year. But experts say the impact of all this technology on the basic operation of most classrooms is practically nil. Effective and innovative uses of computers in the classroom can be found, but they are about as rare as whale sightings.

What makes the situation especially puzzling is that there seems to be plenty of evidence that computer-aided instruction can work. A 1990 University of Michigan study reported that children can gain the equivalent of three months of instruction per school year when computers are available to them. Electronic drill and practice programs make children better spellers. Intensive preparation programs raise SAT scores. So-called integrated learning systems, which deliver entire curriculums to students sitting at workstations in a learning laboratory, practically guarantee that grade-point averages will go up, at least for a time.

But these systems are not very

UPDATING THE CLASSROOM PROGRAM

1. Give computers to teachers before making them available to students
2. Move the machines out of computer labs and into classrooms
3. Provide at least one workstation for every two or three students
4. Use flash cards for drill and practice, not Apples and IBMs
5. Give teachers the time and freedom to restructure their curriculum around the technology
6. Expect to wait five or six years for real change

popular with teachers and students, who generally prefer controlling computers to being programmed by them. Moreover, studies show that children learn their math tables faster, and more cost-effectively, when drilled by fellow students rather than by machine. Some educators are even starting to re-examine such well-established instructional packages as IBM's Writing to Read program. Since 1984, IBM has sold more than 8,500 copies of the \$16,500 system, which uses tape recordings

youngsters at richer schools get all the advanced computer gadgetry and kids at poorer institutions go without. Others are less concerned about the distribution of hardware than about the distribution of good instruction. Tom Snyder, creator of a series of popular educational games, is worried that "in the year 2000 poor, black inner-city kids are going to be taught by computers, while the rich white kids in the suburbs will get human teachers."

Those are apocalyptic scenarios, but in

students, hearing of a new discovery or computer application, drop whatever they are doing to gather around and watch. The learning, in computerese, is hands-on.

Free-form classrooms take some getting used to, but they offer multiple benefits. Not only are students more motivated to learn, but teachers are usually more motivated to teach. Many instructors report that they are able to cover subjects, from adjustments to the tax base of imaginary cities to complex astronomical equations, at a depth they could not have reached in a traditional classroom. "Your role shifts drastically," says Michael Hopkins, lead teacher at the experimental Saturn School in St. Paul, where students track their own progress on desktop computers and fashion programmable robots out of specially designed Lego blocks. "You go from being the presenter, the disseminator of learning, to being a facilitator and a coach."

These changes do not come cheaply. Most of the model teachers have had five or six years of practice in teaching with computers, often beginning with simple drill programs and moving slowly to more sophisticated applications. Many have had to go through a painful process of self-education, supplementing in-service classes with seminars, night schools and computer clubs. Nine out of 10 bought their own home computers. And even though these teachers have access to considerably more equipment than colleagues in other schools, they are the ones crying loudest that they need still more.

Moreover, the most skilled teachers seem to be reaching a critical juncture: they know where they want to go with the technology, but they cannot get there without fundamental changes in the way their educational time is organized. Karen Sheingold, co-director of the Bank Street study, explains. "If your students are collecting information about their community for a complicated local-history project and are using the computer to organize and present it, they can't work in 40-minute periods. By the time they sit down and start getting their thoughts together, it's time to move on."

Any tampering with the structure of the school curriculum is fraught with peril. But there are some powerful reform movements afoot, not the least of which is President Bush's own "Education Strategy," announced last month. The thrust of the President's plan is to overhaul schools by setting clear educational goals, giving teachers greater autonomy in how they reach those goals and then holding them accountable for the performance of their students. In one form or another, those changes will eventually percolate through the system, and for once, the demands of educators and the challenges posed by technology may be headed in the same direction.

—Reported by David Bjorklie/
New York and Robert W. Hollis/San Francisco



WHAT DOESN'T: In McKittrick, Calif., students had computers before teachers knew what to do with them. Now the equipment is largely ignored, and the emphasis is on basics.

and personal computers to teach language skills to kindergarten and first-grade students. Several research articles, including one last summer in the well-regarded *Journal of Computer-Based Instruction*, have suggested that any benefit kindergartners get from Writing to Read derives more from the extra attention provided by supervising adults.

Judging by these efforts, says Alan Kay, a techie visionary whose design work led to the Macintosh's easy-to-use screen display, "the computer revolution hasn't happened yet." Kay maintains that the computer is not a tool or an instrument but a medium, and he cites communications guru Marshall McLuhan's dictum that all new forms of media take their initial content from what preceded them. "Everything that we do on a computer is a simulation," says Kay. "Right now, we're still simulating paper."

Despite Kay's enthusiasm for future electronic breakthroughs, the fact is that good teachers will always be the heart and soul of good education. Some social scientists worry about something they call technological inequity, a condition in which

the meantime, what should the students who have computers be doing with them? There is no single correct answer, yet a survey completed last fall by the Center for Technology in Education offers some intriguing clues. The federally funded research center, operated by the Bank Street College in New York City, located some 600 teachers who seemed particularly successful at weaving computer use into their classroom activities, and took a close look at how the instructors did it.

The classrooms described in the Bank Street report are rarely quiet, well-mannered showcases. Instead, they tend to be noisy, chaotic places where computers are used not so much to deliver instruction as to do the computational spade work for students engaged in practical, concrete tasks. The computer-friendly classes are busy publishing miniature newspapers, designing model cities, writing operas or gathering data on acid rain. Once the tasks have been set by the teacher, students are generally free to pursue them as they see fit. In these settings, knowledge tends to travel across the room like a rumor, as stu-

Bumbling Toward the Nobel

Finally, a plausible answer to who discovered the AIDS virus: the French, though a fluke led to a U.S. breakthrough


Who deserves the credit—and a likely Nobel Prize—for being the first to track down the AIDS virus? For more than seven years, that question has generated a transatlantic duel, during which accusations of mistakes became tainted with bitter murmurs about dishonesty, between rival scientists in France and the U.S. Now the mystery may have been solved. New ev-

of the virus in 1983. Though Montagnier did not accuse Gallo of intentional wrongdoing, the revelation raised suspicions that the brash American had snatched both the virus and the discovery from the French. Gallo, however, insisted that the American version of the virus was homegrown.

With prestige and profits at stake, the


fashion designer known as "Bru," was markedly different from the virus discovered in the U.S. But this news only heightened the mystery of how the two labs eventually isolated identical viruses.

The upcoming article in *Science*, based on new evidence from Montagnier's team, helps solve the puzzle. The French researchers have found that one of the specimens from Bru was accidentally contaminated in Montagnier's lab by a fast-multiplying virus taken from a law student known as "Lai." Montagnier's records show that this contaminated Bru sample was among those sent to Gallo. Apparently, the Lai virus, which spreads easily, also contaminated Gallo's own cultures. When



MONTAGNIER
Montagnier published his discovery of a virus that may be linked to AIDS.


HOW THE CONFUSION PROBABLY AROSE



At the Pasteur Institute an AIDS virus from a patient related to as "Lai" contaminated specimens from another patient known as "Bru"

Samples from Bru were sent to the U.S.

A virus from a Bru culture (which actually came from Lai) contaminated one or more of Gallo's specimens



GALLO
Gallo announced his discovery of the AIDS virus.

idence to be published later this month in the journal *Science* offers a simple explanation of how two laboratories came to claim credit for the same discovery.

The slugfest became public after Dr. Robert Gallo and his colleagues from the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., announced in 1984 that they had isolated the AIDS virus. But it turned out to be virtually identical to one that had already been cultured in the lab of Dr. Luc Montagnier of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. That was surprising, since strains of the AIDS virus from different people have noticeably different genetic structures.

Montagnier said he knew why the viruses matched: he had sent Gallo samples

dispute became a standoff. Finally, in 1987 the French and U.S. governments agreed that the two labs should share credit and split the royalties generated by patented AIDS blood tests. But doubts remained. A lengthy investigation in 1989 by the *Chicago Tribune* raised once again the possibility that Gallo had stolen his competitor's work and prompted Michigan Congressman John Dingell to call upon the NIH to investigate Gallo for possible misconduct.

Over the past two years, the American has tried to exonerate himself by reanalyzing the virus samples sent from France in 1983. Last February Gallo triumphantly announced that the virus in the French specimens, taken from an AIDS-stricken

Gallo went back to analyze his Bru specimens, he did not find the Lai virus because the sample that was contaminated had already been used up. Gallo agrees that Montagnier's latest theory explaining the mixup is most likely correct.

So how will this chapter read in the history books? Probably as a tale of brilliance, bickering and blunders. Montagnier apparently isolated the virus first, but there is no reason to believe that Gallo purposely stole it. For his part, Gallo first used the virus to develop an AIDS blood test. In this case, success had two fathers, and both can lay a legitimate claim to that coveted Nobel.

—By Dick Thompson/Washington.

With reporting by Edward M. Gomez/Paris

Bucking the Pro-Lifers

A movement grows to bring RU-486 to the U.S.

Roussel Uclaf, French manufacturer of the abortion pill called RU-486, has balked at bringing its controversial product to the U.S., out of fear that it will become the target of protests by the pro-life movement. Now, however, there is growing grass-roots pressure to provide Americans access to the pill, which induces an abor-

tion when taken during the first trimester.

The latest initiative comes from New Hampshire's usually conservative legislature, where the house has passed a bill that would invite Roussel to conduct a trial of the drug in New Hampshire as part of the process of getting it approved by the Food and Drug Administration. Says one supporter, state representative Carmela DiPietro: "I'm a Republican, a Catholic and a mother of six. But what I support above all else is an individual's right to personal choice." Other states looking at similar bills include Minnesota and California. New York City Mayor David Dinkins has sent letters to 33 mayors, urging them to increase pressure on the Bush Administra-

tion to foster testing of the pill. And in Washington, Congressman Ron Wyden of Oregon has introduced legislation that would lift FDA restrictions on the import of the drug for personal use.

Kate Michelman, executive director of the National Abortion Rights Action League, calls RU-486, which has been used in France since 1988, "probably the most important advance in reproductive medicine since the birth-control pill." It may also some day help treat such diseases as breast cancer and osteoporosis. But opposition will remain strong. Last month the Vatican released a report to U.S. bishops from a Spanish bioethicist calling the drug a "new serious threat to human life."

TOXIC WASTES FROM U.S. COMPANIES



Environment

"Love Canals in the Making"

Pollution along the Mexican border is a growing health hazard and a hindrance to U.S. efforts to forge a free-trade pact

In many places, you can smell the border before you see it. Some days an acrid brown cloud hangs over the city of El Paso in the U.S. and nearby Ciudad Juárez in Mexico, blotting out office buildings and the surrounding mountains. A fetid creek called the Nogales Wash carries raw sewage from shantytowns south of the border to Nogales, Ariz. In Matamoros, just across the Rio Grande from Brownsville, Texas, children and dogs play along ditches that are coated with an iridescent slick of aromatic chemicals, many of which are known or suspected carcinogens. "These are Love Canals in the making," says Guillermo Valdes-Villalva, director of a research institute in Tijuana.

Over the past 10 years nearly 2,000 foreign-owned factories—most of them the property of U.S. corporations—have sprung up along the Mexican side of the 3,200-km (2,000-mile) border. Attracted by low wages and lax pollution laws, these assembly plants, or *maquiladoras*, have drawn thousands of Mexicans into already crowded border cities, overwhelming meager municipal services and turning much of the region into a cesspool—and a major foreign policy headache for the Bush Administration.

The key to the border region's explosive growth is an experimental free-trade zone created in the 1960s for foreign-owned companies wishing to assemble products for the U.S. market. Parts brought into the zone are exempt from Mexican duties, and finished products sent back to the U.S. are taxed only on the value added by cut-rate Mexican labor. Now the Administration is asking Congress for free rein in negotiating a landmark agreement that would extend the duty-free zone to all of Mexico. The is-

sue, which is set for a crucial vote by June 1, has run into fierce opposition from American labor unions, which fear it will cost their members thousands of high-paying jobs.

The opponents of the free-trade pact have embraced the concerns of environmental groups, who say that without strict safeguards, the measure would be an invitation for U.S. companies to export their most polluting factories to Mexico. That is just what's happening now in the border region, according to a report issued last week by the National Toxic Campaign Fund, a Boston-based environmental organization. In spot samples taken near Mexican industrial parks, scientists found evidence that 75% of the sites were discharging toxic chemicals directly into public waterways. Measurements taken near one plant owned by General Motors showed concentrations of xylene, a toxic solvent, 6,300 times as high as the standard for U.S. drinking water. An employee told the N.T.C.F. that the company regularly pours untreated solvents right down the drain. GM disputes the findings.

The American and Mexican governments are working hard to assuage environmentalists' fears. Mexico has closed nine *maquiladoras* since mid-March, and President Bush last month promised to pursue high-level environmental initiatives with President Carlos Salinas. But both administrations have a record of passing tough pollution laws and then failing to enforce them. If they want their promises to protect the rest of Mexico's environment taken seriously, they should begin by cleaning up the mess that has already been made.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt

Reported by Richard Woodbury/El Paso

Religion

The Simplest Scripture Yet

A Bible for Bart Simpson—and for lots of adults

In the beginning, the American Bible Society decided to develop Scripture for kids. Translators spent hours on end watching *Sesame Street* and TV cartoons, puzzling out ways to make the Bible understandable for youngsters ages 5 to 13—the Bart Simpson generation. But when versions were tested in local churches, adults reported back that they needed stripped-down Scripture too.

Lo, that revelation led to the ultimate in simplified Holy Writ, the *Bible for Today's Family*. The Bible society has just published the New Testament portion, with the Old Testament due by 1996. The new Bible is the work of three translators living in Springfield, Mo., plus dozens of consultants, and comes in both Protestant and authorized Catholic editions.

A generation ago, the Bible society produced another simplified version, the *Good News Bible* (113 million Bibles and Testaments in print); the 1991 Bible is even less highbrow. In *Today's Family Bible*, for example, angels proclaim Jesus' birth by saying, "Praise God in heaven! Peace on earth to everyone who pleases God." The Lord's Prayer runs, "Our Father in heaven, help us to honor your name. Come and set up your kingdom..."

The new Bible banishes words, like whom, that are dying out in everyday American speech, as well as theological favorites, like righteousness. Even grace, the term that launched Luther's Reformation, has been replaced with the bland "kindness." The graceless Bible is also as genderless as possible. For all that, the Bible society claims that the *Good Book's* "majesty and poetry" have survived.

Will Americans buy this Bible? A new poll in the Southern Baptist Convention, America's largest Protestant group, shows that despite a marketplace clogged with modernized competitors, 62% preferred the complex, but inspiring, phraseology of the 1611 King James Version. Nonetheless, the *Family Bible* is sure to be popular, at least among those with scant interest in church tradition.



Graceless Good Book

Design



SEASIDE Built on coastal scrubland, the visionary Florida community has airy porches, pitched roofs and an intimacy lacking in most modern developments

Oldfangled New Towns

A brilliant husband-and-wife team lead a growing movement to replace charmless suburban sprawl with civilized, familiar places that people love

By KURT ANDERSEN

For Americans with even a little money, to live anywhere but a suburb is to make a statement. If you are comfortable, you are naturally a suburbanite: living out in the country or in the heart of the city has become a lifestyle declaration only slightly less exotic than a commitment to vegetarianism or the Latin Mass. In 1950 moving out to some spick-and-span new subdivision was the very heart of the American dream. In 1990 suburban living is simply a middle-class entitlement—it is how people live.

New census figures show, in fact, that suburbanites will soon be the American majority, up from being about a third of the population back in 1950. Yet as America's cities and villages have dissolved into vast suburban nebulas, no one seems entirely happy with the result. From Riverside County in southern California to Fairfax County in northern Virginia, new

American suburbs tend to be disappointments, if not outright failures. Traffic jams are regularly as bad as anything in the fearsome, loathsome city. Waste problems can be worse. Boundaries are ill defined: town centers are nonexistent. Too often, there's no there there.

The critique is not new. Until recently, however, nearly all the dissidents have sneered and carped from on high, dismissing not just the thoughtless, ugly way suburbs have developed, but also the very hopes and dreams of those who would live there. Today, for the first time, the most articulate, convincing critics of American suburbia are sympathetic to suburbanites and are proposing a practical cure.

For more than a decade, Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyherk, a Miami-based husband-and-wife team of architects and planners, have been reinventing the suburb, and their solution to sprawl is both radical and conservative: they say we must return to first principles, laying



CHARLESTON PLACE In Boca Raton, an urbane street of town houses was designed in a South Florida vernacular

out brand-new towns according to old-fashioned fundamentals, with the locations of stores, parks and schools precisely specified from the outset, with streets that invite walking, with stylistic harmony that avoids the extremes of either architectural anarchy or monotony.



KENTLANDS Situated in the Maryland suburbs of Washington, the town is divided into 22-ft. chunks, with certain blocks set aside for traditional town houses

architects, have helped design a town Charles plans to build in Dorset.

Duany and Plater-Zyberk are not alone. Sharing roughly the same principles, scores of other architects—most notably Peter Calthorpe in San Francisco, the partners Alexander Cooper and Jacquelin Robertson in New York City, and William Rawn in Boston—are designing deeply old-fashioned new towns and city neighborhoods. Most important, developers are buying into the latest view of how suburbs ought to be built. "I still have a memory of the kind of place Duany is talking about," says Joseph Alfandre, 39, the veteran Maryland developer who has already invested millions in Kentlands. "It is the kind of place I grew up in, that I have always dreamed of re-creating. When I was five years old [in 1956 in Bethesda], I was independent—I could walk into town, to the bowling alley, the movie theater, the drug-store. Duany just reminded me of it."

Andres Duany is Mr. Outside to Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk's Ms. Inside. He inspires, he charms, he gives the stirring, witty lectures. She organizes, she teaches, she makes the heartfelt case for a particular scheme. Both are relentless and smart and talented, and both are American baby boomers (he left communist Cuba as a child in 1960; her parents left communist Poland in the late '40s, who met as Princeton undergraduates in the early '70s).

It was in 1980, when Duany and Plater-Zyberk were hired by quixotic developer Robert Davis to turn 80 acres of Gulf Coast scrubland into a resort, that they ceased being merely interesting architects and started becoming visionary urban planners. As with all revolutions, the essential idea was simple: instead of building another dull cluster of instant beach-front high-rises, the developer and designers wondered, why not create a genuine town, with shops and lanes and all the unpretentious grace and serendipitous quirks that have always made American small towns so appealing? Thus was born the town of Seaside—and with it, the movement to make new housing developments real places again.

Their intent is not to reproduce any particular old-fashioned place. Rather, Duany and Plater-Zyberk have meticulously studied the more-than-skin-deep particulars of traditional towns and cities from Charleston to New Orleans to Georgetown, and of the great prewar suburbs, such as Mariemont, Ohio. They've looked at how streets were laid out, how landmarks were placed, the intermingling of stores and houses, the rough consistency of buildings' cornice lines and materials. They've measured the optimal distances

Duany and Plater-Zyberk are no pie-in-the-sky theorists, but deeply pragmatic crusaders who barnstorm the country, lecturing, evangelizing, designing, bit by bit repairing and redeeming the American landscape. So far the couple and their colleagues have proposed, at the behest of developers, more than 30 new towns ranging from Tannin, a 70-acre hamlet in Alabama, to Nance Canyon, a 3,050-acre, 5,250-unit

New Age town near Chico, Calif. Half a dozen such towns are already under construction. Seaside, their widely publicized prototype town in northern Florida, is more than half built. At Kentlands, a new town on the edge of Maryland suburbia outside Washington, the first families have just moved in, and vacant lots are selling despite the housing slump. In addition, the two, among the Prince of Wales' favorite

between houses across the street and next door, figured out just what encourages walking (narrow streets, parked cars, meaningful destinations) and reckoned the outer limit of a walkable errand (a quarter mile). They have tried to discern, beyond surface style, exactly what makes deeply charming places deeply charming.

In the standard new suburb, built as quickly as possible by developers working exclusively to maximize short-term profit, little thought is given to making a rich, vital whole. New suburban streets meander arbitrarily, making navigation almost impossible for outsiders. The houses are often needlessly ugly mongrels. Even worse, they are plopped down on lots with almost no regard for how the houses might exist together, as pieces of a larger fabric. They are too far apart to provide the coziness of small-town or city streets, too close to create the splendor of country privacy. Corner stores or neighborhood post offices are almost unheard of.

The single biggest difference between modern suburbs and authentic towns is the dominance of the automobile. Suburban street-design standards have been drafted by traffic engineers, and so the bias is in favor of—you guessed it—traffic. It is now a planning axiom that streets exist almost exclusively for cars, and for cars going as fast as possible.

Duany and Plater-Zyberk challenge the urban-planning orthodoxes that, they say, encourage traffic congestion. With dead-end suburban cul-de-sacs leading to "collector roads" that in turn funnel all traffic to the highway, every driver is jammed onto the same crowded road. Why not have shops reached by small neighborhood streets, thus keeping errand runners off the highway? Why not have stores' parking lots connected so shoppers could drive from place to place without heading back out to the main road? Because local codes, drafted by experts, won't permit it.

Thomas Brahm is the executive director of the Institute of Transportation Engineers, the field's main professional association. He is patronizing, even contemptuous, toward the new movement. "It would be nice to turn the clock back to the walking cities of the early 1800s," Brahm says, "but I don't think we can do that. It would be utopian to think that you could draw a circle and think that people would stay within that circle and not leave it."

Duany, Plater-Zyberk, Calthorpe and the rest agree that five minutes is as far as most people will generally go for an errand on foot, which means that the natural size

for a neighborhood, equipped with the basic shops and services, is 200 acres—an area a bit larger than one-half mile square. No one is suggesting that people will remain locked within these neighborhoods, only that they should not be required to leave any time they want to shop or work. "These pedestrian neighborhoods create a stronger sense of community," says Calthorpe, who has produced designs for a score of such places, mainly on the West Coast. "They re-create the glue that used

later, they will have produced detailed plans and preliminary construction drawings for a new town, complete with a marketing scheme and an artist's slick conceptions of particular streets and possible houses. At each step of the way, citizens and officials are invited to inspect and react to the work-in-progress. "People really see what they're getting," Duany says of this quasi-democracy, instead of being presented with a mystifying fait accompli.

The couple seldom design particular houses or buildings for the towns they plan—an almost heroic act of restraint for architects. Instead, they conjure a tangible vision of the place they mean to germinate, then draft the rules that architects and builders will follow after they go. The result is towns that are authentic patchworks, not the plainly fake diversity that is inevitable when a single hand creates all the architecture. At Kentlands the existing 19th century masonry farm buildings and 18th century regional architecture helped establish the stylistic parameters, but most Duany-Plater-Zyberk towns in the eastern U.S. carry similar prescriptions: houses must be clad in wood clapboard, cedar shingles, brick or stone, and roofs (of cedar shake, metal or slate) must be gabled or hipped, and pitched at traditional angles.

Kentlands will be the team's first true suburb. An elementary school, its facade partly designed by Duany, opened last fall. Roads are being laid, and impeccable Federal- and Georgian-style houses are under construction by six different builders. All Kentlands' real estate is denominated in 22-ft. chunks—certain blocks are set aside for 22-ft.-wide town houses, although most lots in town are 44 ft. or 66 ft. wide. Only houses on the largest lots will be freestanding, with various size yards on all four sides. When the town is more or less finished in 1995, there are to be 1,600 houses and apartments, a courthouse,

corner shops, a large shopping center and almost 1 million sq. ft. of offices scattered in smallish four- and five-story buildings.

Twenty miles to the southwest, in Virginia, Duany and Plater-Zyberk have designed another new town, Belmont, for the same developer. The first houses are under construction. Wellington, Fla., a village to be appended to a vast, conventional suburb near Palm Beach, is going through the local permit process. The Gate District, four adjacent 100-acre neighborhoods to be built on a decaying, ghostly tract in downtown St. Louis, is what Duany calls "suburban know-how applied to the city."

Duany and Plater-Zyberk are not



The Building Blocks

Town planners Andres Duany and Elizabeth Plater-Zyberk draw on some old-fashioned ideas:

- **TOWN CENTERS** Create a commercial downtown no more than a five-minute walk from any house.
- **HUDDLED HOUSES** Situate homes close together to foster a tighter sense of community.
- **STREETS FOR FEET** Build narrow streets in lucid patterns that encourage pedestrians.
- **LOCAL COLOR** Establish a consistent scale and an appropriate architectural style.
- **CIVIC LANDMARKS** Design congenial parks and use public buildings as focal points.

to hold together our communities before they were slashed apart by the big expressways."

Calthorpe and the rest share a basic vision, but Duany and Plater-Zyberk have gone further by developing an appealing and practical process for designing new towns efficiently. After a developer hires the firm, the planners start collecting information about the area—quirks of geography, regional traditions. A sympathetic local architect may be incorporated into the team of designers, planners, renderers and engineers, always led by Duany or Plater-Zyberk. The group descends on the site. About one week and \$80,000 to \$300,000

Design

anti-development. Indeed, businesspeople seem to like them and their notions of enlightened self-interest. Joseph Alford, the man behind Kentlands and Belmont, had been a very successful developer of rather routine suburban pods around Washington. In 1988 he was considering land-use plans for the 352-acre Kentlands site. Then he heard about Duany and Plater-Zyberk, became a con-

and communal. (Naturally, traffic engineers at the Sacramento County public works department complained about the density, and about the fact that Angelides and Calthorpe are planting so many trees.) Half the houses at Laguna West will have front porches, and none will be more than half a mile from the town center. Do contemporary Californians really want to live in such a throwback? Although the first

town movement—as if all suburbs weren't in some measure nostalgic exercises, attempts to indulge middle-class Americans' pastoral urges.

But what worries Duany and Plater-Zyberk most are their pseudo followers, developers and architects who apply a gloss of ye-olde-towne charm without supplying any of the deeper, more fundamental elements of old-fashioned urban coherence. Calthorpe agrees emphatically. "You can have nice streets, and you can put trees back on them, and you can make beautiful buildings with front porches again, but if the only place it leads is out to the expressway, then we are going to have the same environment all over again."

Duany and Plater-Zyberk have devised a practical way to wield influence beyond the projects they can plan and design each year. They have drafted a Traditional Neighborhood Development ordinance that can plug right into the existing system—and subvert it. The T.N.D. is a boilerplate document that codifies the nuts-and-bolts wisdom Duany and Plater-Zyberk have acquired, which cities, towns and counties can enact. "The T.N.D. thinks of things like corner stores the way other codes think of sewers," Duany explains. "Everybody simply knows you have to have them." More than 200 local planning departments and officials around the country have ordered copies of the ordinance, and the Florida Governor's Task Force on Urban Growth Patterns has cited it as a model code for the whole state.

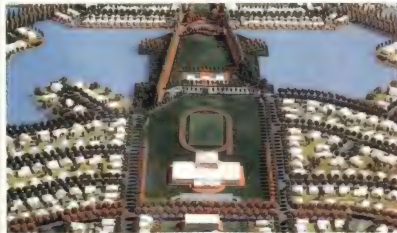
It seems incredible that such a simple, even obvious premise—that America's 18th and 19th century towns remain marvelous models for creating new suburbs—had been neglected for half a century. Yet until Duany and Plater-Zyberk came along, even envisioning a practical alternative to dreary cookie-cutter suburbs had become almost impossible.

During the 1970s everyone came to agree that preserving historic buildings and districts is a good thing. In the 1980s both architectural postmodernism and the Rouse phenomenon—the transformation of decrepit white elephants into spiffy inner-city shopping centers—reminded people that old-fashioned buildings and commercial bustle were great pleasures. Today Duany and Plater-Zyberk, Calthorpe and their allies are proposing to go all the way, to build wholly new towns and cities the way our ancestors did. If the 1990s really lives up to its wishful early line—a return to hearth and home, a redoubled environmental concern, humbler, simpler—then the new decade should be ripe for the oldfangled new towns to proliferate, to become the American way of growth. (Or so, anyway, it is no longer madness to hope. —With reporting by

Daniel S. Levy/New York



OLD VS. NEW In a conventional Maryland suburb, streets meander arbitrarily; Peter Calthorpe's model for Laguna West is designed so community centers are only a stroll away



vert, canceled his plans and started over.

In northern California developer Phil Angelides underwent a similar epiphany. He and some partners had conventionally developed 4,000 acres near Sacramento when, in 1989, Angelides met architect and planner Calthorpe. Now 1,045 acres of the vast development has been redesigned and replanned by Calthorpe as a traditional townlike place called Laguna West. Two double rows of trees will make the streets appear narrower, and the houses will be set unusually close to the sidewalks, 12 ft. instead of 20 ft. or more—thus decreasing the usual distance between facing houses and creating outdoor space that feels cozy

model homes will not open until late July, almost half the lots have already been sold to builders.

Any sort of strictly enforced urban planning has come to seem somehow anti-American over the past half-century, and especially during the laissez-faire decade just ended. To create neotraditional towns requires that residents surrender some bits of individualism (no picture windows, no chain-link fences, no raised ranch houses) for the sake of overall harmony—yet many neighborhood homeowners' associations already have rigid rules regarding lawns and paint colors. Some critics disparage the nostalgia that fuels the traditional-

Madonna In Bloom: Circe at Her Loom

Roll Over, Ulysses, she's at it again: winking, beckoning, scandalizing with her new film *Truth or Dare*, and making one or two points on the way

By CARL WAYNE ARRINGTON LOS ANGELES

So they stood at the outer gate of the fair-tressed goddess, and within they heard Circe singing in a sweet voice, as she fared to and fro before the great web imperishable, such as is the handiwork of goddesses. . . . They cried aloud and called to her. And straightway she came forth and opened the shining doors and bade them in, and all went with her in their heedlessness. . . . Now when she had given them the cup and they had drunk it off, presently she smote them with a wand, and in the sties of swine she penned them. So they had the head and voice, and bristles and shape of swine, but their mind abode even as of old.

—Homer, the *Odyssey*

Beyond the black steel spikes, tall forbidding trees and gimlet eye of a surveillance camera repairs this modern Circe: Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone. The air is perfumed with the sweet fragrance of a floating garland of fresh gardenias. She plies a visitor with strong drink and cunning smiles. Within earshot of the murmuring fax machine and the constant siren's whine of the telephone, Circe reclines in audience on a couch of golden threads, and speaks:

"I think the Circe comparison is great. Warren's [Beatty] point of view about all of this is that he thinks I have to humiliate men publicly. That is his overall simplification of what I do, that I am living out my hatred of my father for leaving me for my stepmother after my mother died. That is true, but it is too much of an oversimplification. If that were all I was doing, it would be a lot less interesting.

"On one hand, you could say I am turning men into swine, but I also have this other side of my head that is saying that I am forcing men—not forcing, asking men—to behave in ways that they are not

supposed to have in society. If they want to wear a bra, they can wear a bra. If they want to cry, they can cry. If they want to kiss another man, they can kiss another man. I give them license to do that. My rebellion is not just against my father but against the priests and all the men who made the rules while I was growing up.

"In the *Like a Virgin* scene in my show, I have these men whom I have emasculated with bras on who are attending to me and offering me sex if I so wish. But in the end, I would rather be alone and masturbate. Until God comes, of course, and frightens me. (Laughs) Then all of a sudden *Like a Prayer* begins, and you hear the voice of God, and the curtain opens. Figures clothed in black, like priests and nuns, appear onstage and the cross descends. It's like here comes the Catholic Church saying 'Sex goes here, and spirituality goes there.' And I say—but I say, NO. THEY GO TOGETHER! I am supposed to pray, right? But my praying gets so frenzied and passionate and frenetic that by the end, I am flailing my body all over the place, and it becomes a masturbatorysexualpassionate thing."

Hmm.

Madonna's artistic persona has clearly transformed from daffy Disco Dolly into a more substantial, surrealist Poly Dali incarnation. For a long time, she seemed like a rebel without a cause vamping for the world's attention. Now she has it. Not content to continue spinning out mere dance-floor fodder, she has used her bully pulpit to preach scantily clad homilies on bigotry, abortion, civic duty, power, love, death, safe sex, grief and the importance of families.

Circe Ciccone's alluring attitude is not just a simple sexual defiance but a symphony of rebellions laced with a deep sense of responsibility: now she is undraped in *Penthouse*, now she is doing a benefit for AIDS research, now she is doing a Pepsi commercial, now she is the dutiful wife, now she is the brazen divorcee. Serious feminist scholars defend her intelligent womanliness. Blue-noises sniff at her every hump and grind. The Vatican has denounced her. Academics spin doctoral dissertations based on her canon. The Queer Nation beatifies her. Wannabes still, well, wanna be.

Now 32, the Michigan-born Madonna has three world tours, 20-plus music videos, seven feature films and eight albums under her Boy Toy belt. She has single-handedly created a boom in music-video sales. That the image refracted in the media-crazed mirror never settles is hypnotizing. Her throw-away line "Experience has made me rich. And now they're after me," from her tune *Material Girl*, seems more a wily prophecy than mere egoistic cant. Her latest public catharsis—a quantum artistic growth spurt, if you will—is *Truth or Dare*. It is a panoramic, emetic, beauty-marks-and-all, feature-length autobiographical documentary shot during her Blond Ambition tour. The film, which opens nationally on May 17, is a celebrity voyeur's feast that draws its substance from the dark well of Madonna's life. It is her bid for serious consideration as a multimedia artiste who is more attuned to the aesthetic ideas of Martha Graham (whom she plans to play in a forthcoming film) and Isadora Duncan than to her contemporary pop-star peers. To recast a line of her favorite playwright, David Mamet: "She's eating at the Big Table now." Quoth Circe:



“I present my view on life in my work. The provocation slaps you in the face and makes you take notice, and the ambiguity thing makes you say, Well, is it that or is it that? You are forced to have a discourse about it in your mind.”

Madonna has many of the classic characteristics of both the responsible, rule-oriented eldest daughter and the mediator-rebel middle child. She has the looks and name of her late mother, who died of cancer when Madonna was only five. She has now learned the craft of spinning autocinematic tapestries out of the yarn of her private anguish. Her mother's death left her to cope with a father, two older brothers and a stepmother ruling over her, and ample chores helping to raise her five younger siblings. She grew up with considerable maternal responsibility but little actual power. So she rebelled and eventually hearkened to a destiny. Or so she says.

“Sometimes growing up I felt like the unhired help. I was the oldest girl and always got stuck with the main housekeeping chores. I changed so many diapers that I swore I'd never have kids. I felt like I didn't really have a childhood. I was forced to grow up fast. Everybody should have a few years where they are not feeling too responsible, guilty or upset. I really saw myself as a Cinderella with a wicked stepmother.

“My family life at home was very repressive, very Catholic, and I was very unhappy. I was considered the sissy of the family because I relied on feminine wiles to get my way. I wasn't quiet at all. I remember always being told to shut up. I got tape put over my mouth. I got my mouth washed out with soap. Mouthing off comes naturally.

“When I was a Brownie, I ate all of the cookies. From the start I was a very bad girl. I already knew that people were never going to think of me as a nice girl when I was in the fifth grade. I tried to wear go-go boots with my parochial-school uniform.

“I wanted to do everything everybody told me I couldn't do. ‘I didn't fit in because I don't belong here.’ I thought, ‘I belong in some special world. Madonna is a strange

name.’ I felt like there was a reason. I felt like I had to live up to my name.”

Growing up with an icon for a name, Madonna has developed a distinctly democratic attitude toward sacred symbols: they be-

Profile

long to the common man and woman. She hangs multiple crucifixes around her neck, has draped herself undraped in the American flag and made freewheeling use of the hallowed peace symbol.

"My idea is to take these iconographic symbols that are held away from everybody in glass cases and say, Here is another way of looking at it. I can hang this around my neck. I can have this coming out of my crotch if I want. The idea is to somehow bring it down to a level that everyone can relate to."

"I had to cancel two of my shows in Italy because of the Vatican. Rome and Florence. It was propaganda. Even though there were all of these profane gestures and masturbatory demonstrations, I think that my show was very religious and spiritual. I feel fairly in touch with my Italian roots, so when I got to Italy, I expected to be embraced because my show has so much Catholicism in it. Fellini—whatever! And they slammed the door in my face. They were basically saying that I was a whore and no one should go to my shows and that I was taunting the youth and making them have bad thoughts and blah-blah-blah."

In Italy, under direct attack from the Vatican, Madonna appeared under kilgis in shades and her flaxen halo to defy the prelates with her artistic manifesto:

"My show is not a conventional rock show but a theatrical presentation of my music. And like theater, it asks questions, provokes thoughts and takes you on an emotional journey portraying good and bad, light and dark, joy and sorrow, redemption and salvation. I do not endorse a way of life but describe one, and the audience is left to make its own decisions and judgments."

To use a technical psychiatric term, Madonna is a complicated nut. A darker shadow of her libido has been peeking forth in her recent work. She appeared bound in chains and wearing a black leather dog collar in her video epic *Express Yourself*. In *Hanky Panky* she pleaded for corporal punishment, asking for "a good spanking." She frolicked as a stern, let-them-eat-cake pop queen in a send-up of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* at the MTV Video Awards ceremony. In her controversial medium-core mini-film, *Justify My Love*, she played an O-like character drifting through a hypnotic sexscape worthy of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. *Truth or Dare* takes her into murkier erotic territory still: Circe with a wink and a whip. A common theme of these artistic explorations by this former cheerleader is masochism.

"Yeah, well... I am a masochist. Why? Because I felt persecuted as a child. My father made a never-ending impression on me. He had a philosophy, little pearls of wisdom he would drop on us. One of them was, 'If it feels good, you are doing

something wrong. If you are suffering, you are doing something right.' I tried not to compartmentalize those feelings, so that they are rooted in the same impulse. Another was, 'If there were more virgins, the world would be a better place.'"

In *Truth or Dare*, a stylized icon of the Madonna appears dreamlike over her head and then dissolves into the form of the black-clad chanteuse spinning beneath the cross in an act of contrition: *Mea culpa. Mea maxima culpa.*

"I guess you do get a certain sense of power if you are carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders and taking care of people. I certainly did when I was on tour in a hundred ways. I felt like I literally had not only my personal family that I was traveling with, that I was in charge of and responsible for, but then I had to go out onstage to the public—the impersonal family—and give them what they came for. But I am much more conscious of my masochism than any messianic feelings I may have."

"I think about death a lot, maybe because I don't know about life after death. So I strive as hard as I can to suck every drop out of life. The great thing about being an artist is that artists are immortal by the fact that they leave their work behind them. There is something comforting about knowing that my life was not just a waste."

"Finally I see what has happened to me is a blessing because I am able to express myself in many ways that I never would have if I hadn't had this kind of career. And I don't think my career is just for myself. I know this is going to sound horrible, but I think I help a lot of people. It is my responsibility to do that. I never wish I had a different life. I am lucky to be in the position of power that I am in and to be intelligent. Most people in my position say, 'Listen, you don't have to do any of that. Just kick back, man. Just enjoy your riches. Go get a house in Tahiti. Why do you keep getting yourself into trouble?'"

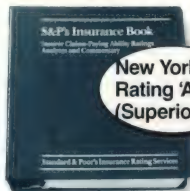
"It's not in my nature to just kick back. I am not going to be anybody's patsy. I am not going to be anybody's good girl. I will always be this way. Am I misunderstood? Yes, but less now than I have been."

Whether you want to swing upon her tarnished star, burn her at the media stake or just ponder her anatomy, Madonna is ready with an orchestra of masks for your pleasuring and consternation. Call them out-of-bawdy Madonna experiences. True, and daring. What is most astonishing about Madonna is not her originality or even the commercial success of any particular artistic venture, but her willingness to reinvent herself boldly again and again. The force that keeps her a moving target is a naked defiance that is nothing if not original sin: she wants to live forever, if only in our dreams.

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Books



Mark Helprin: a large, elaborate style—and themes to match

A Rousing Tale for a Long March

A SOLDIER OF THE GREAT WAR

by Mark Helprin; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 792 pages; \$24.95

By JOHN SKOW

There has never been any question about Mark Helprin's talent, and since his first books of fiction, *A Dove of the East* and *Refiner's Fire*, he has seemed on the point of accomplishing marvels. He has also seemed—notably in *Winter's Tale*, an overblown fantasy starring an annoying magical horse—to be a posturer incapable of modulating eloquence or intensity, a too appreciative taster of his own words, a gifted windbag.

Helprin's big, rumbustious new novel is about four-fifths of a marvel. Helprin has simplified his language, though he still works up a good head of rhetorical steam, and he has moderated his enthusiasm for phantasmagoric set pieces. He has also picked themes—war and loss, youth and age—that suit a large, elaborate style. His hero is a 74-year-old Italian, Alessandro Giuliani, during World War I a soldier who fought the Austrians and, in 1964, the novel's present time, a professor of aesthetics. Alessandro meets Nicolò, a 17-year-old illiterate factory apprentice, when they both miss a weekend bus from Rome to the hill towns. On a whim, they decide to walk the 70 km or so to their destinations. On the way, Alessandro tells his story.

As this traditional literary format takes shape—pilgrims, a long walk, a tale to while away the distance—the elderly Alessandro rattles on owlishly. "Tell me," he says, "what kind of feet do you have?" Nicolò is confused. "I have human feet, Signore," Alessandro lectures. "Of course, but two

kinds of feet exist... Feet of despair are too tender, and can't fight back... On the other hand, if I may, are the feet of invincibility."

Just as the reader, with more than 700 pages still to march, begins to worry about blisters, the youthful Alessandro takes over the narrative. Here, for a very large chunk of the novel's center, Helprin writes with riotous energy and sustained brilliance about boyhood, youth and war. There is a strange, dreamlike adventure in the Alps, when Alessandro at age nine or 10 is caught up in a mountain rescue, then in a preadolescent erotic tangle with an Austrian princess. Later there is a splendid silliness in which he taunts a couple of mounted carabinieri while riding his horse, and outraces them in a mad gallop across half of Rome. He joins the navy and finds himself shooting at a much larger Austrian force across the barrier of a river that is, alas, drying up. Friends die. He is swept up in a mutinous retreat, caught, imprisoned, condemned, then released on the whim of a mad dwarf in the war ministry, whose function is to make sure that military orders are garbled and meaningless. Then he is thrown back into the line, wounded, and swept up again, this time in a love affair with a nurse.

Alessandro is no allegorical puppet, like *Candide*; his character darkens and hardens as the fighting grinds on. The author's view of war is grim enough to be quite modern. But his evocation of love is thoroughly romantic, and so, in the balanced flourishes of the ending chapters, is his novel. Fair enough; as usual, Helprin lights his own way, in his own singular direction. ■

Looking for the Radical Middle

WHY AMERICANS HATE POLITICS

by E.J. Dionne Jr.
Simon & Schuster
430 pages; \$22.95

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

For the past year or so, a group of conservative and liberal activists have been meeting quietly for dinner in Washington. Given the guest list, one might expect this parley to produce the sort of verbal food fight that typifies American political debate and alienates so many voters. But the New Paradigm Society, as the participants call their group, isn't looking for arguments; it is searching for bipartisan solutions to America's problems. The fact that they meet at all suggests a sort of harmonic convergence between those who believe that the ideas that powered both the political left and right in America have ceased to be useful.

One of the group's occasional guests is E.J. Dionne, a Washington Post reporter whose new book, *Why Americans Hate Politics*, is something of a New Paradigm manifesto. Dionne's contention is that the central tenets of both political parties have ossified. Rather than providing genuine solutions to rising crime, declining educational standards and deteriorating race relations, conservatives and liberals offer "false choices" that divide voters in order to maintain power.

The author directs most of his fire on the Democrats, who he claims are unwilling to promote the kind of "public values"—self-reliance, responsibility, family stability and hard work—that most Americans still hold dear. Fragmented by an intraparty civil war that began in the 1960s, Democrats misconstrued voter complaints about crime as selfishness and mistook the tax revolt of the 1970s for self-interest. Eventually, George Bush crucified Michael Dukakis when the Democratic nominee refused to comprehend why support for the Pledge of Allegiance mattered deeply to voters.

Conservatives, meanwhile, dutifully paid homage to these values and scooped up disaffected Democrats. But conservatives failed Americans by trying to placate both supply-siders and traditional Republicans with an economic model that included massive tax cuts and higher defense spending. The Republican legacy is a \$3 trillion debt, held in large part by foreign investors, and a populace that feels cheated by a government that doesn't seem to work. By 1990, when

Books



Political surveyor: Dionne

Bush agreed to raise taxes in exchange for budget cuts from the Democrats, the G.O.P. had run out of promises to make to voters.

The next step, the author argues, is a compromise between the two parties in which the aims of liberals and conservatives can be accommodated. Dionne supplies some evidence for this: last year Congress passed a child-care bill that combined the best principles of both conservatives and liberals. By tying child-care benefits to the earned-income tax credit, conservatives won incentives for those who would work their way out of poverty. At the same time, liberals were able to broaden government support for working mothers. There are other signs that America is ready for bipartisanship: no line in George Bush's Inaugural speech received more applause than his admonishment to Congress, "They didn't send us here to bicker."

But are there many opportunities for common ground? Probably not. One of the problems with the new paradigm is that it presumes Americans all want the same things. In a general sense this is true: all people, for example, want a decent wage, a comfortable and safe place to live and better opportunities for their children. But the differences about the means of achieving this dream are so fundamental that the means, in essence, become the ends.

Take crime. Conservatives believe criminals should be punished, and thus the solution is more jails. Liberals believe criminals are victims too, and thus the answer is more antipoverty programs. What could be more fundamental? The differences are, if anything, deeper in matters of race relations. Everyone in America believes in equality. To many whites it means color-blind laws. But to blacks equality means affirmative action.

As communism wanes, Dionne sees the 1990s as a rare opportunity to merge the politics of left and right into a new "politics of the center." In some issues there may be room for compromise. But it seems unlikely that at a time when both parties are struggling to define themselves anew, either will seek to cohabit with the other. ■

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Ideas

One Man's Taylor-Made Tuition

When this flashy Louisiana oilman says every deserving student should go to college, lawmakers sit up and listen

Advocates of educational reform are not usually known for their fancy gold bracelets or expensive rattlesnake and elephant-hide cowboy boots. That suits Patrick Taylor, 53, just fine; he likes to stand out, even in a high-minded crowd. For the past 18 months, the publicity-loving, strikingly garbed Louisiana oilman has been cutting a swath across the U.S., lobbying state legislatures to adopt a plan that would guarantee qualified and needy students a tuition-free education. Taylor calls his scheme a kid's bill of rights and declaims, "We must ensure that high

Middle School in New Orleans. Most were lagging behind several grades; many were on the verge of dropping out. On impulse, Taylor asked who would like to go to college. Every hand shot up. If they studied hard, did well and stayed out of trouble, he promised to send them. The "Taylor Kids," as they are called, accepted the challenge: 126 are still in school.

The spur-of-the-moment offer was not unlike one made by New York City industrialist Eugene Lang in 1981. Lang offered to foot college bills for an entire sixth-grade class of inner-city youths, an act that



Outstanding: Taylor with four collegians who are benefiting from his enthusiastic vision

school does not become just a dead end."

In 1989 the Taylor plan became a law in Louisiana, and 1,300 students in the state have benefited from his enthusiastic vision. Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, New Mexico and Texas have enacted their own versions, which will pay all or most tuition bills and other fees at state colleges, and a Maryland plan is expected to be signed into law later this month. Taylor knows what a free college education can do. At age 16, he says, he left home in Beaumont, Tex., with nothing but a suitcase full of clothes, 35¢ and the desire to attend college. He chose Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge and earned a petroleum engineering degree. Eventually he became one of Louisiana's richest men as owner of oil- and gas-producing Taylor Energy Co. (1990 revenues: \$50 million).

Taylor's plan grew out of a speech-making performance in 1988 to 183 seventh- and eighth-graders at Livingston

led to the founding of the I Have a Dream Foundation. Taylor took this notion one step further by selling legislatures on his idea and making it a law.

High school kids must work hard to qualify for the programs. In Louisiana needy students have to take a college-preparatory core curriculum, maintain a 2.5 grade-point average and score at least 20 out of 36 on the Enhanced American College Test. Some black legislators, however, object to the requirements, which they feel exclude too many disadvantaged minority kids. Other lawmakers wonder where the states will find the millions of dollars needed to pay for the programs. Taylor, who still hands out about \$300,000 a year to help needy students, fires back that "only 14% of our youth are graduating from college. If we don't double that in the next 10 years or so, we could cease to function as a leading industrial power."

—By Emily Mitchell

Reported by Richard Woodbury/New Orleans

What Blockbusters Are Made Of

Which of this summer's 50 pix will be megahits? Here's a handicapper's guide

By RICHARD CORLISS

Handicapping Hollywood hits has its perils and pleasures. If, 18 months ago, you had publicly predicted that the top-grossing pictures of 1990 would be *Home Alone*, *Ghost*, *Pretty Woman*, and *Dances with Wolves*, you could now be running the major studio of your choice. If, like most everyone, you had put your money on megabudget action adventures, you could be Frank Mancuso, who doesn't run Paramount Pictures anymore. Starting this month, the movie industry puts its snazziest fashions on display. The only thing certain about the product is that there will be more of it—50 films, by one count, compared with 35 last summer. In forecasting the winners, moviegoers and moguls will have five questions in mind:

WHO'S IN IT?

Stars are brand names: they sell tickets because they are the people we want to see and be. So the received wisdom says *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* will be a summer smash, not because Americans want a fantasy history lesson set in 12th century England but because Kevin Costner is running the show. Costner has made so many left-field hits lately (baseball movies, even westerns) that Hollywood figures he can do no



Costner aims to steal the show

wrong. It wants to forget that in between *Field of Dreams* and *Dances with Wolves*, he detonated a minibomb called *Revenge*.

WILL IT MAKE 'EM LAUGH OR CRY?

Tears streaming down cheeks or a grin from ear to ear equals good word of mouth. Last summer's surprise smash *Ghost* got 50 million moviegoers suitably weepy. So this summer's early line favored *Dying Young*, the Julia Roberts sudser about a former Candy Striper who falls in love with a failing patient. Hollywood had two nicknames for the film: *Pretty Nurse* and *Can't Miss*. But now second thoughts may be spoiling the party. 20th Century Fox has postponed the movie until late summer, and there's talk of changing both the downbeat ending and the title. To what, *Pretty Sick*? No. *Forever Young*.

For Hollywood, dying is hard but comedy is easy. The original *Saturday Night Live* wires have frayed lately, but Bill Murray



Julia Roberts' tears will have to wait

will open the season with this week's psycho farce, *What About Bob?* Billy Crystal will dude it up out West in *City Slickers*. Martin Short will bank on *Pure Luck*, and John Candy will go *Delirious*. The easiest hit to pick is a farce sequel, *The Naked Gun 2½: The Smell of Fear*.

WHEN DOES IT COME OUT?

Last year Goldie Hawn's *Bird on a Wire* got the Memorial Day jump on the competition and galloped to a \$70 million gross; *Total Recall*, the first brawnbuster released last June, beat out its beefy competition. So an early start is helpful.

This Memorial Day weekend, *Hudson Hawk*, with Bruce Willis as a reformed thief forced to commit one last heist, will try to shoulder out *Backdraft*, director Ron Howard's fireman-buddy epic starring Kurt Russell and Robert De Niro. Maybe those two films will duke it out all summer.



Sarandon and Davis drive a gal-pal pic

Or maybe they will cream each other and leave space for late May's gal-buddy movie, *Thelma and Louise*, with Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis. The success of *T&I*, or of *Soapdish* with Sally Field and Whoopi Goldberg, or of *Warshawski* with Kathleen Turner would mark the welcome infiltration of female-star vehicles in the boys' camp of summer movies.

HOW MUCH DID IT COST?

A movie budget shouldn't interest moviegoers; they pay the same ticket price for the cult hit *Poison* as they do for *Godfather 3*. But Hollywood went haywire last summer with action adventures, leaving the genre in a deep hole. And from that abyss crawls this year's budget behemoth, James Cameron's *Terminator 2: Judgment Day*. Arnold Schwarzenegger got a \$14 million jet as his salary, but even if he had worked for free, the movie would have cost more than \$80 million, or about five times what the original *Terminator* brought its distributor. The early word is that the new picture is worth every penny, but movie execs dare to hope that *T2* is the last of the spendthrift macho movies. It won't be.



Arnold in T2: where the action is

THE HUH? FACTOR

As in, "I see that *Home Alone* is now the third highest-grossing picture of all time." Huh? Every summer has its sleepers. Even to list all the films that might be big this season, you'd need Marty McFly coming back from the future with, say, the Sept. 9 issue of *Variety*. So let's say *The Rocketeer*, Disney's no-star action fantasy, will ring the register. And Mike Nichols' *Regarding Henry*, with Harrison Ford as a lovelorn amnesiac. And *Boyz n the Hood*, a promising young director's first feature about gang bonding. And—no, stop! This could take all summer.

—Reported by Sally B. Donnelly/Los Angeles

Video

A Little Too Flaky in Alaska

NORTHERN EXPOSURE; CBS; Mondays; 10 p.m. EDT

By **RICHARD ZOGLIN**

It's a little town up north, out west. Everybody knows everybody else—and everybody else's business. Remoteness has given the community a touch of spirituality, not to say weirdness. Several residents have a propensity for prophetic dreams, and ghosts have been known to walk down Main Street. So has the occasional moose.

Twin Peaks? No, that was last year's quirky small town that gained a cult following. The latest destination for fans of the outlandish and the In-jokeish on TV is the village of Cicely, hard by the Arctic Circle in the state of Alaska. Among the town's 500 inhabitants is one reluctant interloper: Joel Fleischman (Rob Morrow), a New York City native who has been forced to move there as the sole doctor in order to fulfill his medical-school scholarship.

Northern Exposure, which debuted last summer and has returned to CBS for a late-season run, is this spring's hottest conversation piece. Fans in big cities from New York to San Francisco are entranced by the backwoods whimsy; so are Sunbelt viewers like Bonnie Mintz, a court clerk from Winter Park, Fla., who started the first *Northern Exposure* fan club. In Alaska the series has prompted some grumpy newspaper stories (THIS MAN THINKS WE'RE A BUNCH OF PSYCHOTIC RED-NECKS, blared one headline next to a picture of star Morrow), but viewers are warming to it. Says Tom



Yuppie fantasy: Turner and Morrow break the ice

Closest highbrows and ghosts on Main Street.

Tatka, an Anchorage attorney who moved to Alaska 20 years ago: "It gives a good sense of this isolated state." For creators Joshua Brand and John Falsey (*St. Elsewhere*), it's really a state of mind. "We used Alaska more for what it represents than what it is," says Brand. "It is disconnected both physically and mentally from the lower 48, and it has an attractive mystery."

The show's popularity is no mystery. *Northern Exposure* is less a realistic picture of Alaskan life than a big-city yuppie's romantic small-town fantasy. There is no bigotry or narrow-mindedness in this small town; the residents are all closet highbrows. The townspeople read D.H. Lawrence and quote Voltaire; the local tavern plays Louis Armstrong and Mildred Bailey on the jukebox. For Joel there's a cute, available brunette (Janine Turner) and a philosophical Native American pal (Darren E. Burrows) who is conversant with movies like *The Wages of Fear*. Gosh, it's not even that cold; the characters may be bundled up in parkas, but we never see their breath. That's what shooting near Seattle will do.

The show has some nice touches. Joel's Jewishness is refreshingly up-front, and it's good to see a few Native Americans on TV for a change. But this domesticated *Twin Peaks* is too precious by half. In one episode, Joel's friend conjures up an Indian spirit to help locate his father; the town deejay, meanwhile, has his voice stolen by a beautiful girl. One whimsical fantasy per episode, please. The show's patronizing attitude toward small towners is more subtle but just as annoying. One episode makes snide fun of the tavern owner's 19-year-old girlfriend, who gets a satellite dish and becomes addicted to tacky TV fare like *Wheel of Fortune* and the Home Shopping Network. God forbid somebody in a remote Alaskan town should actually pass the time watching TV. What would Voltaire think? —With reporting by Sally B. Donnelly/Los Angeles

Milestones

INJURED. Lenny Dykstra, 28, scrappy centerfielder for the Philadelphia Phillies, and Darren Daulton, 29, hulking Phillies catcher, after the new red sports car Dykstra was driving slammed into two trees; in Radnor, Pa. Dykstra suffered three broken ribs, a broken right collarbone and a broken right cheekbone; Daulton sustained a broken left eye socket, a scratched left cornea, and a heart bruise. Dykstra, who faces drunken-driving charges, will be out of action for at least two months. Daulton is expected to miss two weeks.

DIED. Roy Lee ("Chucky") Mullins, 21, ex-defensive back for the University of Mississippi Rebels; of complications from a blood clot in a lung; in Memphis. Two weeks ago, while dressing for class, Mullins stopped breathing. Mullins, who was black,

became an inspirational figure in the state for continuing school after a tackle he made in a 1989 game against Vanderbilt paralyzed him from the neck down.

DIED. Dennis Crosby, 56, nightclub performer and one of Bing Crosby's twin sons; by his own hand; in Novato, Calif. Regarded as the quietest of his father's four sons from his first marriage, Dennis joined his brothers in a nightclub act during the late 1950s and early 1960s. He was the second to commit suicide. In 1989 Lindsay Crosby, the youngest, shot himself in Los Angeles at the age of 51.

DIED. Rudolf Serkin, 88, one of the world's most brilliant concert pianists and teachers; in Guilford, Vt. A skilled technician, he hailed from the Viennese tradition that

mingled the instrument's classical and romantic styles. In 1950 he helped found the Marlboro Music Festival in Vermont as a summer workshop for young and experienced musicians to play together.

DIED. George T. Delacorte, 97, publisher and philanthropist; in New York City. Delacorte parlayed an initial investment of \$10,000 into a publishing empire, selling everything from pulp romance magazines to mysteries and comic books featuring Bugs Bunny and all the Walt Disney characters. Among the authors published in Delacorte hard-cover editions and Dell paperbacks were Kurt Vonnegut, James Jones, Irwin Shaw and Danielle Steel. Delacorte donated millions of dollars to build fountains, theaters, statues and schools in New York City that bear his name.

People

By JESSE BIRNBAUM/Reported by Wendy Cole



Bad Impression

The big-bucks art market is going to hell in a hand basket when dealers give HENRI MATISSE the brush-off. The great Impressionist's *La Robe Persane*, valued at a minimum \$5 million, was sold at Sotheby's to an unnamed private collector for only \$4.1 million. Even the usually art-hungry Japanese stayed home—a case of male shogunism if there ever was one.

Sweetening the Deal

For months they've been virtually inseparable. Hanging out with boxers in Atlantic City, stopping at Roy Rogers for burgers, staying in for

quiet evenings in front of the tube. But all the while, debt-laden **Donald Trump** denied that he and Marla Maples were planning to marry. Last week the denials ceased. Could it have had something to do with the \$15,000 Tiffany diamond ring Maples began sporting on the third finger of her left hand? Insiders say Trump proposed the merger during a weekend visit to his Taj Mahal casino and that the couple will wed this fall. Ivana, for her part, has no problem with her ex getting rehitched. Though still seeking a new love of her own, she insists it won't be "another tycoon."



Writer's Sell Block

New York State law restricts criminals from profiting from their crimes by selling their story to publishers or the movies. Too bad for **Jean Harris**, the one-time private-school headmistress, who is serving 15 years to life for the 1980 shooting murder of her lover, *Scarsdale Diet* author Herman Tarnower. Harris

wrote an autobiography, *Stranger in Two Worlds*, and wants to donate the \$98,000 she earned from the book to a fund for prisoners' children, but the state court of appeals said forget about it. Tarnower's surviving relatives have five years in which to lay claim to the money; otherwise it could revert to Harris.

Ambiance Chasing

It's hard to explain, but Italians go gaga for **WOODY ALLEN**. He has signed up with Coop, Italy's biggest foodstuffs chain, to write and direct (but not star in) five TV commercials dealing with health and environmental matters. American viewers will not get to see the spots unless they own a terrific satellite dish, but here is one possible story line, suffused in a darkly brooding Bergmanesque ambience: a woman named, say, Mia upbraids a man named, say, Marcello, who is tying square knots in fresh pasta. There ensues a lively, if oblique, discussion of Wittgenstein, Freud and the existential consequences of global warming, whereupon they fall in love and forsake osso buco for a lifetime diet of organically grown radicchio. Allen will harvest a reported \$2 million for the series.





Essay

Barbara Ehrenreich

Science, Lies and The Ultimate Truth

If there is any specimen lower than a fornicating preacher, it must be a shady scientist. The dissolute evangelist betrays his one revealed Truth, but the scientist who rushes half-cocked into print or, worse yet, falsifies the data subverts the whole idea of truth. Cold fusion in a teacup? Or, as biologists (then at M.I.T.) David Baltimore and Thereza Imanishi-Kari claimed in a controversial 1986 article that the National Institutes of Health has now judged to be fraudulent, genes from one mouse mysteriously "imitating" those from another? Sure, and parallel lines might as well meet somewhere or apples leap back up onto trees.

Baltimore, the Nobel laureate and since 1990 president of Rockefeller University, has apologized, after a fashion, for his role in the alleged fraud, and many feel that the matter should be left to rest. He didn't, after all, falsify the data himself; he merely signed on as senior scientist to Imanishi-Kari's now discredited findings. But when a young postdoctoral fellow named Margot O'Toole tried to blow the whistle, Baltimore pooh-poohed O'Toole's evidence and stood by while she lost her job. Then, as the feds closed in, he launched a bold, misguided defense of the sanctity of science.

What does one more lie matter anyway? Politicians "mispeak" and are forgiven by their followers. Pop singers have been known to dub in better voices. Literary deconstructionists say there's no truth anyway, just ideologies and points of view. Lies, you might say, are the great lubricant of our way of life. They sell products, flatter the powerful, appease the electorate and save vast sums from the IRS. Imanishi-Kari's lie didn't even hurt anyone: no bridges fell, no patients died.

But science is different, and the difference does define a kind of sanctity. Although we think of it as the most secular of human enterprises, there is a little-known spiritual side to science, with its own stern ethical implications. Through research, we seek to know that ultimate Other, which could be called Nature if the term didn't sound so tame and beaten, or

God if the word weren't loaded with so much human hope and superstition. Think of it more neutrally as the nameless Subject of so much that happens, like the It in "It is raining"; something "out there" and vastly different from ourselves, but not so alien that we cannot hope to know Its ways.

When I was a graduate student in biology—at Rockefeller, where Baltimore also earned his Ph.D.—I would have winced at all this metaphysics. The ethos of the acolyte was humility and patience. If the experiment didn't succeed, you did it again and then scratched your head and tried a new approach. There were mistakes, but mistakes could be corrected, which is why you reported exactly how you did things, step by step, so others could prove you right or wrong. There were even, sometimes, corners cut: a little rounding off, an anomalous finding overlooked.

But falsifying data lay outside our moral universe. The least you could do as a scientist was record exactly what you observed (in ink, in notebooks that never left the lab). The most you could do was arrange the experimental circumstances so as to entrap the elusive It and squeeze out some small confession: This is how the enzyme works, or the protein folds, or the gene makes known its message. But always, and no matter what, you let It do the talking. And when It spoke, which wasn't often, your reward, as one of my professors used to say, was "to wake up screaming in the night"—at the cunning of Its logic and the elegance of Its design.

This was the ideal, anyway. But Big Science costs big bucks and breeds a more mundane and calculating kind of outlook. It takes hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to run a modern biological laboratory, with its electron microscopes, ultracentrifuges, amino-acid analyzers, Ph.D.s and technicians. The big bucks tend to go to big shots, like Baltimore, whose machines and underlings must grind out "results" in massive volume. In the past two decades, as federal funding for basic research has ebbed, the pressure to produce has risen to dangerous levels. At the same time, the worldly rewards of success have expanded to include fat paychecks (from patents and sidelines in the biotech business) as well as power and celebrity status. And these are the circumstances that invite deception.

Imanishi-Kari succumbed, apparently, to the desire to make a name for herself and hence, no doubt, expand her capacity for honest research. But Baltimore is a more disturbing case. He already had the name, the resources and the power that younger scientists covet. What he forgot is that although humans may respect these things, the truth does not. What he lost sight of, in the smugness of success, is that truth is no respecter of hierarchy or fame. It can come out of the mouths of mere underlings, like the valiant O'Toole.

And if no one was physically hurt, still there was damage done. Scientists worldwide briefly believed the bogus "findings" and altered their views accordingly or wasted time trying to follow the false lead in their labs. Then there is the inevitable damage from the exposure of the lie: millions of people, reading of the scandal, must have felt their deepest cynicism confirmed. If a Nobel laureate in science could sink to the moral level of Milli Vanilli or a White House spin doctor, then maybe the deconstructionists are right and there is no truth anywhere, only self-interest masked as objective fact.

Baltimore should issue a fuller apology, accounting for his alleged cover-up of the initial fraud. Then he should reflect for a week or two and consider stepping down from his position as president of Rockefeller University and de facto science statesman. Give him a modest lab to work in, maybe one in the old Rockefeller buildings where the microbe hunters toiled decades ago. I picture something with a river view, where it is impossible to forget that Manhattan is an island, that the earth is a planet, and that there is something out there much larger, and possibly even cleverer, than ourselves. ■

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